July 8, 1961

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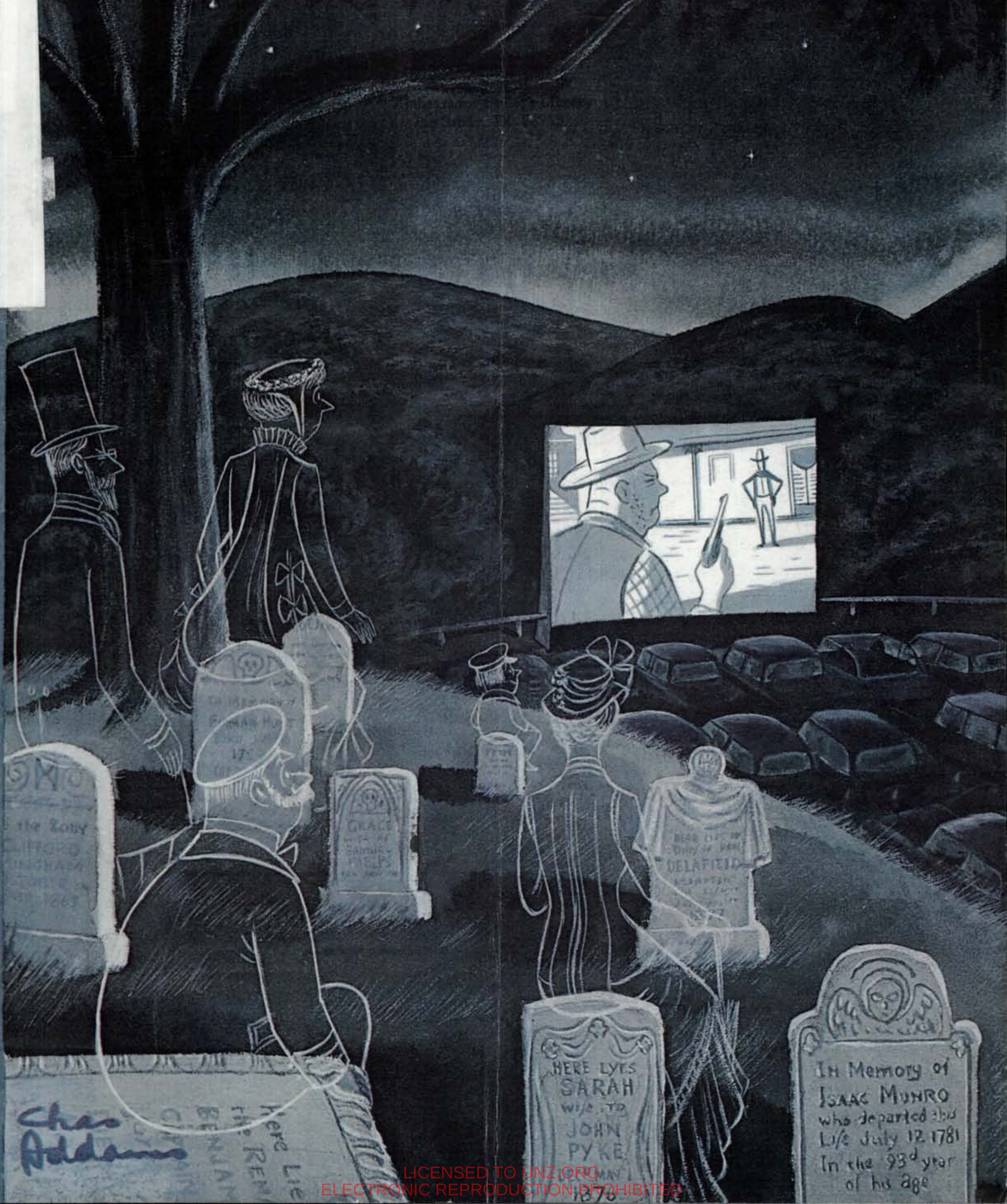
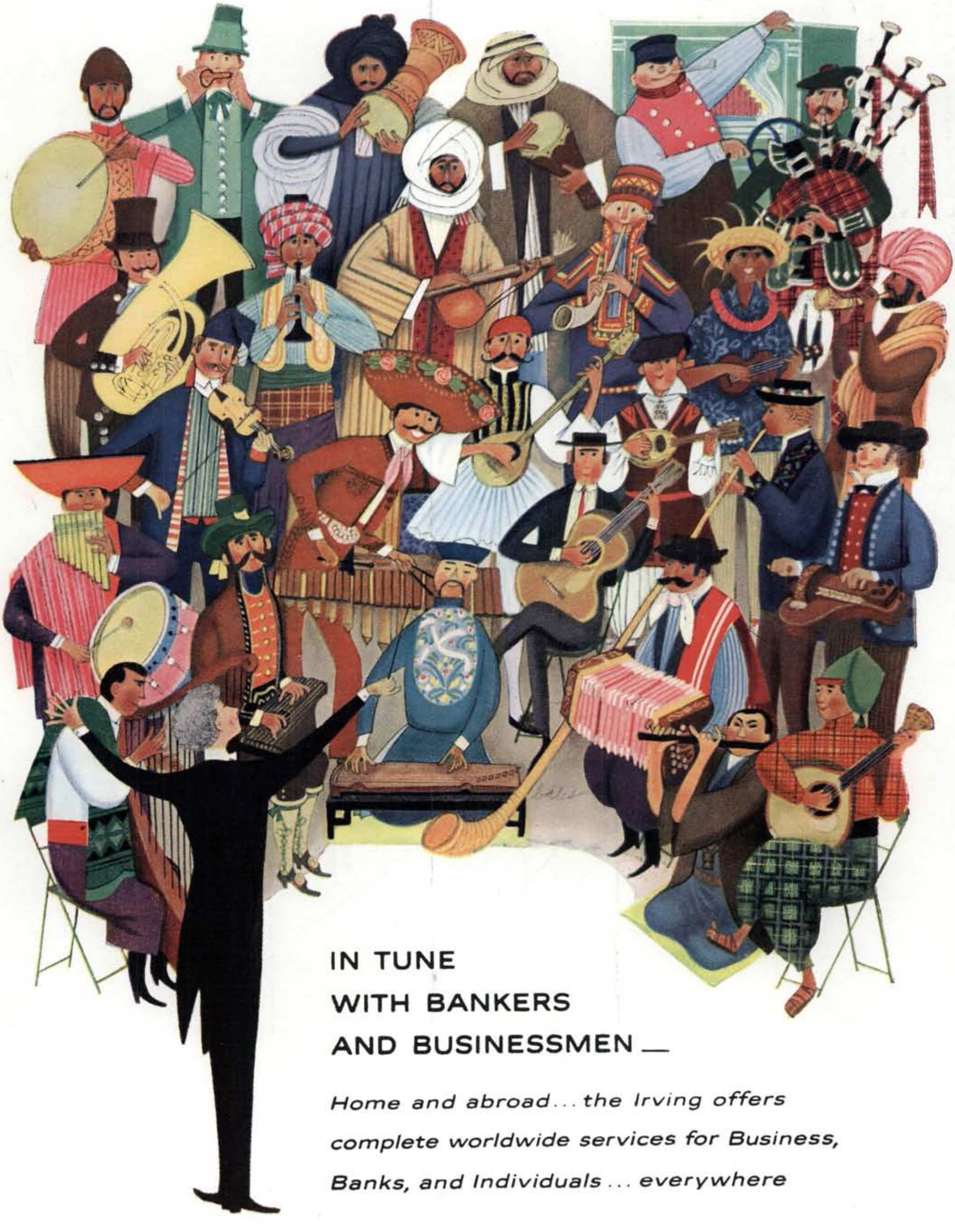
THE NEW YORKER


In Memory of
the Baby
CLIFFORD
GRACE
wife of
SAMUEL
PHELPS
DELAFIELD
HERE LYES
SARAH
wife to
JOHN
PYKE
In Memory of
Isaac Munro
who departed this
Life July 12 1781
In the 93d year
of his age
Here Lie
the Rem
BENJA
Chas Addams



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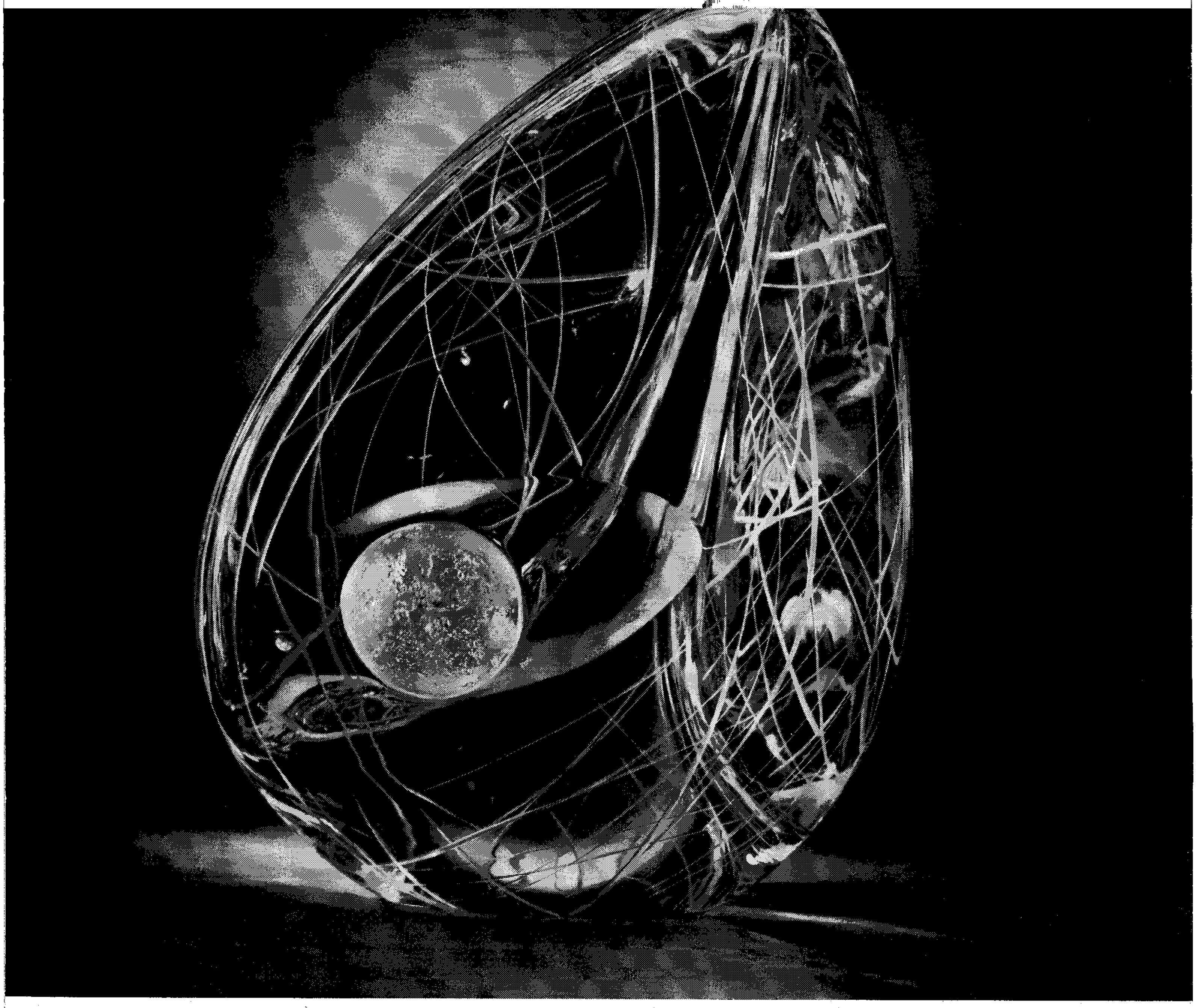

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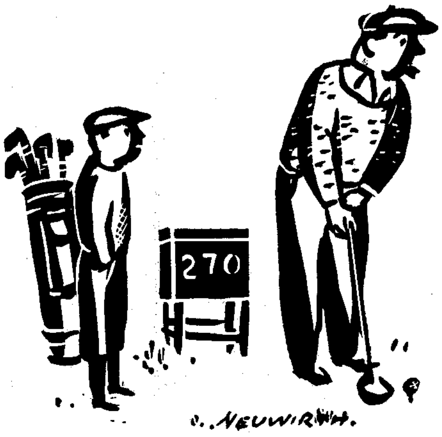

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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9	10	11	12	13	14	15

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley figure in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Come Blow Your Horn—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit and has great difficulty in getting his two sons to share his interest. Hal March and Warren Berlinger are the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Far Country—A play concerned with one of Freud's first attempts at psychoanalysis, in the course of which he cured a young woman of her conviction that her legs were permanently paralyzed. There isn't very much in the way of suspense in this drama by Henry Denker, but the writing is honest and the performances by Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, who enact the principal roles, are laudable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is comic, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Translated from the French of Eugene Ionesco by Derek Prouse, and directed by Joseph Anthony, this satire about people who would rather sink to the level of swamp animals than risk nonconformity in the modern world is savage and funny, and Zero Mostel and all the others in the cast are to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** Gore Vidal's view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **a taste of honey:** Shelagh Delaney has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour, her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour, and a homosexual pal of the girl. With Hermione Baddeley and Frances Cuka. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival—A musical that has to do with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. Adapted from the movie called "Lili," the play has ingratiating performances by Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard, and includes a most diverting quartet of puppets manipulated by Mr. Orbach. Bob Merrill did the music and lyrics, Michael Stewart wrote the book, and Gower Champion supervised the whole lively affair. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Donnybrook!—An amiable gallop through the west of Ireland. While Eddie Foy, Philip Bosco, Susan Johnson, and Clarence Nordstrom are quite successful in portraying some of the local types, Art Lund, as an Irish-American, and Joan Fagan, as an Irish girl he marries, are perhaps not as convincing as they might be. Still, the thing is spirited and, all in all, good fun. Book by Robert E. McEnroe, music and lyrics by Johnny Burke, choreography by Jack Cole. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Several underworldly specimens of the sort that provided Damon Runyon with his stock in trade try to horn in on the jukebox business in this rather lethargic comedy, which has a book by Garson Kanin, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker do their best to keep things hopping. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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The Unsinkable Molly Brown—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but essentially it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is breezy and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as chirky as a summer band concert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical that has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **fiorello!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . ***irma la douce:*** *All about a trollop and the company* that keeps her. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Denis Quilley is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** Reopens Monday, July 17, with Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

American Savoyards—Thursday through Sunday, July 6-9: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Starting Thursday, July 13: "The Student Prince." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursdays, except July 13, at 8:40; Saturdays and Sundays at 4 and 8:40; and Thursday, July 13, at 8.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 21, July 8, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

41st Street Theatre Summer Comedy Festival—Through Sunday, July 9: "The Voice of the Turtle," with Mindy Carson and Jean Shepherd. . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, July 11: "Susan Slept Here," with Alan Dale and Joy Harmon. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, as Hedda, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

The Threepenny Opera—The local "Second Shepherd's Play." In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays, except July 6, at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3, except July 9, and 8:30.

DANCE PROGRAMS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Moiseyev Dance Company—A return engagement (four performances) by a hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday and Friday, July 6-7, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 8, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Much Ado About Nothing," with Nan Martin and J. D. Cannon. (Wollman Rink, Central Park. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, July 22.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Elaine Malbin, together with two young sprouts named Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, head a cast of two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

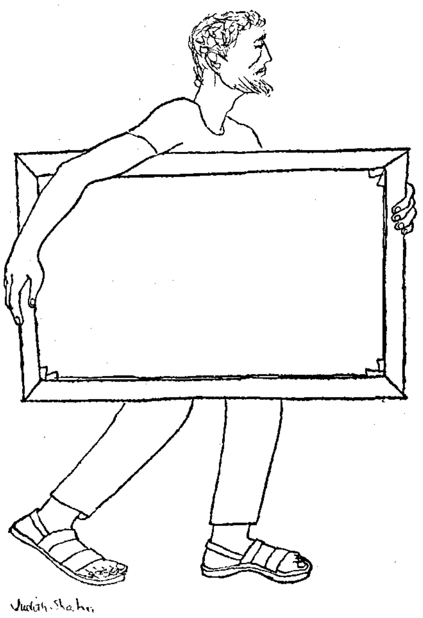
El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A display room suitable for all sorts of public occasions, particularly fashion shows and passing shows. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra play industriously for the entrance makers. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion. Renato Rossini's elegant yet ebullient solo guitar, on the other hand, takes Sundays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Charles Holden's and Mark Monte's bands dispense both prancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The dance band of Milton Saunders rambles along in the Grill most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mount Olympus in an equable state of mind, and full of gods waltzing with fetching young things to the tunes called by Milt Shaw's small band and Walter Kay's trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.



Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at ten. No music Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The major hot-weather undertaking is the Walldorfkeller, whose theme—part Vienna and part Tyrol—is carried out by an indigenous chef and sommelier. The theme of the third man, the local musician, is of course carried out by a zither, which twangs happily from cocktail time until ten.

Note—The Rainbow Room, one of the almost topless towers of our own Ilium, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio and a piano from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A real New York cityscape, made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by the piano of Marty Berns. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Monday, July 10, is reopening night. The summer work week will be Mondays through Thursdays; the cast will be the winter one—Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, running a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders appearing thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a bang-bang team. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Doing as the Romans do, which involves simultaneous dining, expatiating, and listening with one ear to Herman Honigsberg's wagonload of touring violins and a brace of touring guitarists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A northern-Italian restaurant that can easily be mistaken for a northern-Italian opera house. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays and Thursday, July 6. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his you-were-meant-for-me fiddle from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Social whirlwind is the favorite party game in the bar, where George Feyer casually rumples a piano with the back of his hand. He begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Reopens Monday, July 10, to house the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner; among the people will be a round of strolling minstrels, who will be augmented, after the theatre, by a couple of *con-amore* singers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Polynesia that's not much more than forty-five minutes from Broadway but is still able to go native in its bill of fare and its music. A set of string men whang away in the main room; Lew Wolfe is also on

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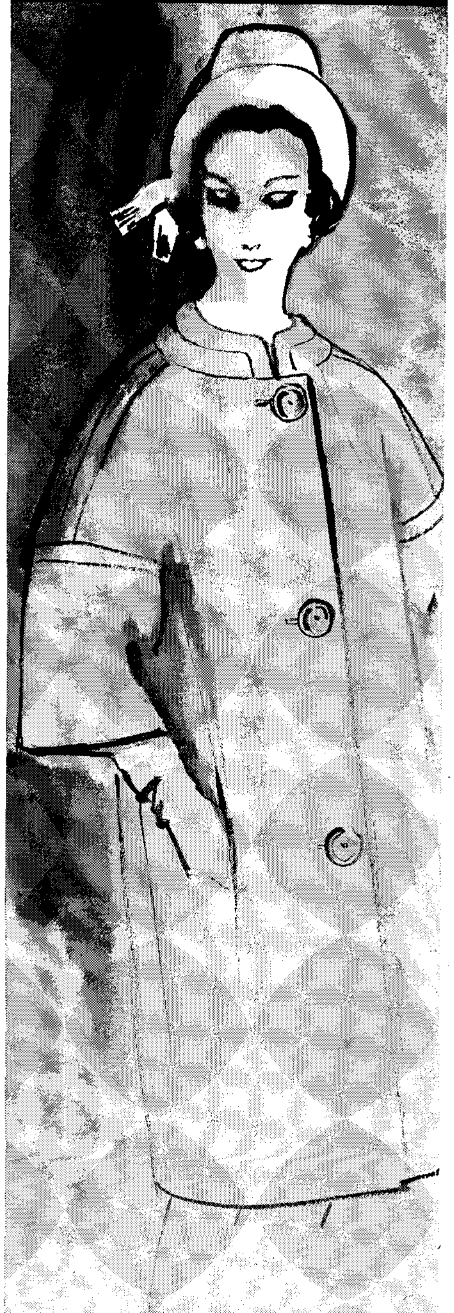

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hand, to manipulate the piano in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): *Se habla español,* and fluently, mostly with piano, guitar, and soprano conditioned to fairly late hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic, an ecstatic jump-tune singer and pianist, stirs up quite a ground swell in this small and comfortable art gallery. The other amusement is all right as instrumentation, rather glum as conversation. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls who are giving their all, including the shirts off their backs, are the principal commodity of the giant shivaree that runs a very full course here. Visible in the hurly-burly are Eleanor Powell, who has again put on her winged dancing shoes after all these years, and Chaz Chase, a strong but silent humorist. Tuesday, July 11, is the final night for Miss Powell and Mr. Chase; next evening's newcomers are Lonnie Sattin, a passion's-plaything singer, and the team of Patti Moore and Ben Lessey, who believe that tirade is a broadening experience. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Hubble-bubble, toil, and night life. In the middle of it are Georgie Kaye, a conversationalist much more manic than depressive, and Guy Mitchell, a singer of disc-jockey standards. They're entwined with a gaggle of young ladies who are on probation at their *école de ballet.* Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Summer finery in the form of a small revue, done according to the customary wise and witty style of Julius Monk, the ringmaster of these premises. The dramatis personae are two girl scamps (Lovelady Powell and Freddie Webber) and two boy scamps (Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon). There are also Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, a double-piano squad to remember. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): An assortment of young folk—notably Burke McHugh and Del Hanley—are bravely facing a new revue, "Greenwich Village, U.S.A. 1961," a mountain that even their faith cannot always move. Along with this, the customers get those time-honored early settlers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, makers of brash music; Jimmie Daniels and his boulevardier songs; plus the interlude piano of Loumel Morgan and the exceptional Don Evans. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Spanish ladies, Spanish gentlemen indulging themselves in their national pastime—footwork accompanied by if-looks-could-kill glances. Pupi Campo's band is now the dance master. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A newly assembled squadron of American welkin-ringers, rightly known as Eddie Condon's All-Stars, inasmuch as the personnel includes Pee Wee Russell, Ruby Braff, John Bunch, Marshall Brown, and Mr. C. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): In between his periods of withdrawal from mankind, Miles Davis horns in on the work of his quintet with special messages on his wind machine. The stalwart J. J. Johnson is now among his acolytes. The trio of Shirley Horn is also on hand. Tuesday, July 11, brings a new agglomeration of practitioners—the fivesome of Cannonball Adderley, who can be an ad-infinitum soloist, and the threesome of Junior Mance, whose piano is a thousand fingers and no thumbs. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar are Don Shirley and his threesome, who are inclined toward a rich, beautiful, and technically brilliant poesy that can even include the Gershwin Concerto in F. Between sets, there's piano by Frances Thompson, new girl in town, and one who knows what she's doing. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Kenny Davern's Washington Squares, in which Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin are also visible and audible, are the firing squad. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed here, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Marty Napoleon; the soirées are run by Gene Krupa's quintet (off Mondays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off Tuesdays), with the occasional (Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays) assistance of Sol Yaged's fivesome. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The spareribs and the conversation that they induce are more than matched by the quartet of Red Allen, which is good-old-days, and the trio of Peter Nero, which is red-pepper dinner music. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missionaries of progress in their farthest-south settlement. The present ones are Toshiko and Charlie Mariano, whose quartet scampers through a modernist repertory and makes it seem all in fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The current crop involves the band run by Buddy Rich, who lands upon his drums on all fours, and simultaneously presides over a set of devoted musicians, and Slide Hampton's octet, which leads a complex but carefully arranged life. On Thursday, July 13, a new set of soothsayers: namely, the howling wilderness of Maynard Ferguson's banshees, and the wild, wild drums of Olatunji. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the stage of this vasty nether world is the quintet of Cal Tjader, an architect of the new music, and Leon Bibb, whose voice is a mighty persuader in favor of country music. On Tuesday, July 11, a new contingent checks in. Its leader is John Coltrane, owner of a clangorous foursome. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Part of the Village's forest primeval, where free (if not always crystal-clear) thinkers have the run of the bandstand. The incumbent thinkers are not only free but mostly new; to wit, Barry Harris's trio and Booker Little's quintet, which contains the experienced Eric Dolphy. The Littles stay home on Mondays, the Harrises on Tuesdays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Another part of the forest. Profound ratiocination is provided by the quartet of Thelonious Monk, a pianist who works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. Philly Joe Jones' rackety quintet does the rest of the chores. Closed Mondays.

ART

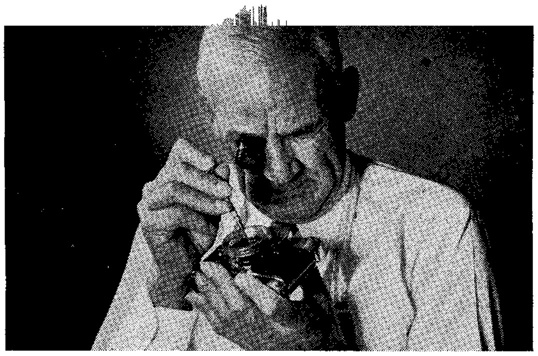
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Aug. 18. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI (1720-78)—Engravings; through Saturday, July 15. (Rothschild, 27 W. 67th St.)

FRANCES PRATT—A water-color retrospective dat-

The smallest part of this fine camera is almost microscopic; the biggest part is invisible



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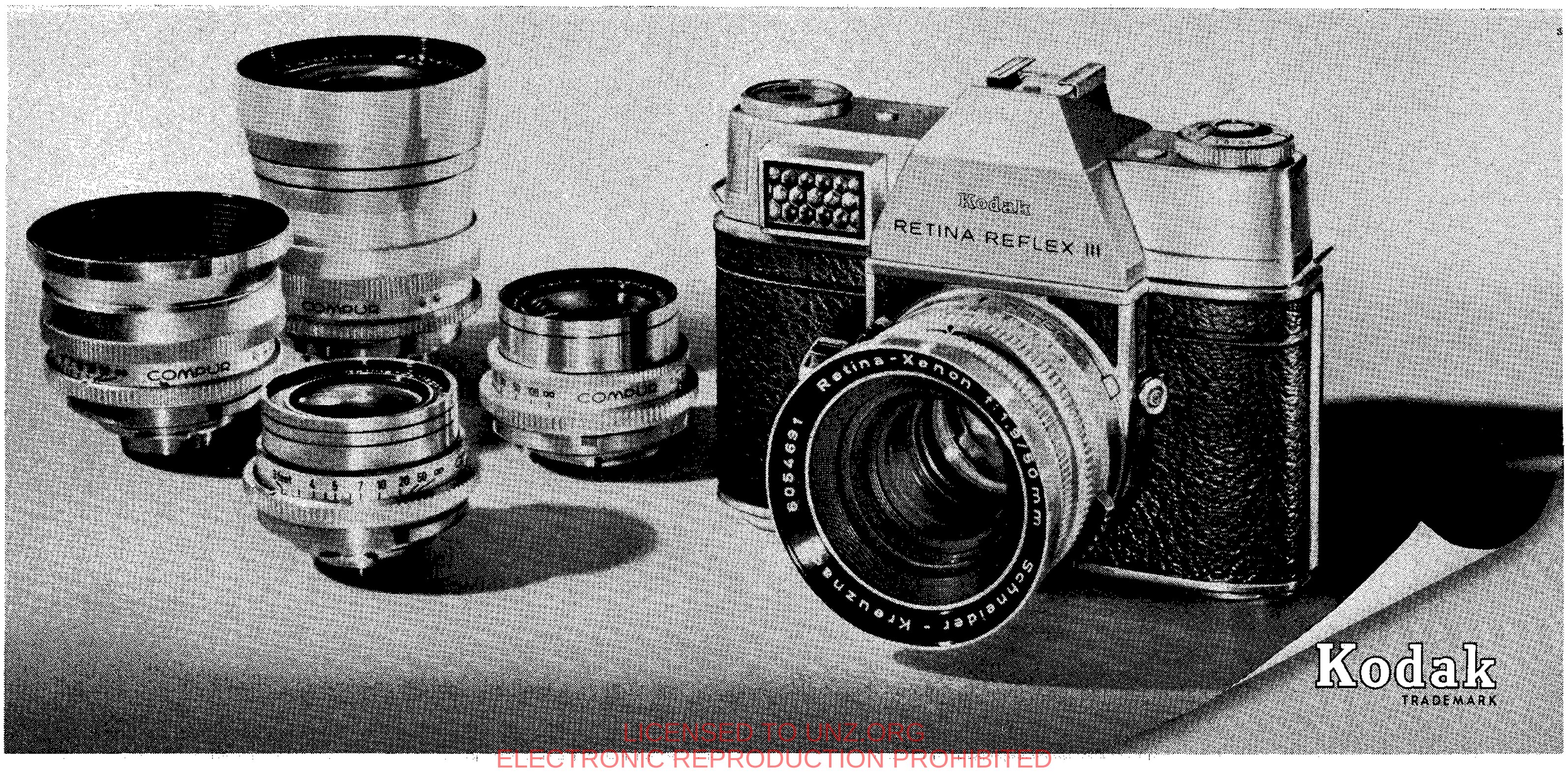

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing from 1938; through Saturday, July 15. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Claflin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Nudes by Degas, Kolbe, Lehmbruck, Maillol, Rodin, and others; through July 28. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

AFRICAN ART—Statues, masks, stools, and implements (in wood, ivory, and metal) from the Baluba, Warega, and other tribes in the Congo; through Friday, July 7. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Philip Evergood, William Gropper, Nat Werner, and others; through Aug. 3. . . . **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with items by Tim Deverell, Jason Seley, Ann Arnold, and other gallery artists and friends; through Saturday, July 15. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: A group of paintings (by Margit Beck, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and other artists sponsored by the gallery) recently returned from a Brazilian good-will exhibition; through Friday, July 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "From Inness to Today" offers paintings by George Bellows, Robert Henri, Robert Brackman, and others; through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Priscilla Roberts, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in the summer showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 1. . . . **KENNEDY**, 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through Aug. 25. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a display of oils and water colors; through July 28. . . . **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of works in various mediums by contemporary painters and sculptors, including Alfred Blaustein, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebald; through Sept. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10.) . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by John Grillo, Lee Krasner, David Weinrib, and others; through July 21. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNAPIK**, 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Courtin, Martin Barre, and Kurt Sonderberg are among the artists who have works (mainly paintings) on view; through July 28. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Brancusi, Marini, Richard Schultz, Nicholson, and others; through Friday, July 14. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Such painters and sculptors as Giacometti, Vieira da Silva, Earl Kerkam, Arp, and Bernard Reder; through Aug. 4.

LATIN-AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Oils, water colors, drawings, original prints, and sculptures by thirty Latin-American artists; through Saturday, July 15. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:30, and Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers. . . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings, principally Impressionist and Post-Impressionist, on loan from private collections in the New York City area; through Aug. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12. A supplementary exhibit of more than a hundred drawings and etchings by Boccioni (1882-1916); through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of thirty paintings from the collection of the late Mrs. Adele R. Levy, notably works of late-nineteenth-century French masters—Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, and others; through July 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—The Romanesque apse of the twelfth-century Church of San Martín de Fuentidueña, on long-term loan from the Spanish government. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—American drawings (Benjamin West to the present) from the Paul Magriel collection; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Miró, Mondrian, Picasso, and Wols; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through July 16. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Israel London. Some of the artists are de Chirico, Epstein, and Gris. Through July 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Special *Treasures," an exhibition of cylinder seals*, clay tablets, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, illustrated books, and embroidered bindings; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Retrospectives of metal sculptures by José de Rivera and paintings by Balcomb Greene; through July 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 6: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of music from French operas, with Lily Pons, soprano, and Richard Verreau, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of Italian music, with Licia Albanese, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Robert Weede, baritone. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 11: Siegfried Landau conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 12: Siegfried Landau conducting, with Michael Rosenker, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13: Siegfried Landau conducting, with Leonard Pennario, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15: Julius Rudel conducting a concert version of the New York City Center Light Opera Company's production of "Porgy and Bess," with William Warfield, baritone, to be followed by a program performed by Jean Léon Destiné and his Haitian dance company. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 18.) . . . ¶ Franz Bibo conducting the City Symphony Orchestra in a concert version of "Fledermaus," in English. The second in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, July 8, at 8:30.)

Wollman Rink Concerts—Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting a chamber-orchestra concert. The first in a series of six free concerts. (Central Park. Monday, July 10, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—museum of modern art garden: Thursday, July 6: The Al Grey-Billy Mitchell sextet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13: The Roy Eldridge-Coleman Hawkins quintet. (11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . **randalls island:** Duke Ellington's band, Sarah Vaughan, and George Shearing's quintet. (Downing Stadium. Saturday, July 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call BO 3-7538.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Charles Munch conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony musicians in three all-Bach programs. Friday, July 7, at 8:30: With Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute. Saturday, July 8, at 8:30: With Lukas Foss, piano, and others. Sunday, July 9, at 2:30: With Lukas Foss, piano; Adele Addison, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Mac Morgan, baritone; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 12, at 8:30: A chamber-music concert by the Budapest String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13, at 8:30: Danny Kaye conducting the Boston Symphony in a concert for the benefit of the Orchestra's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Charles Munch conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony musicians in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 14, at 8:30: No soloists. Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: With Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and others. Sunday, July 16, at 2:30: Directed, in part, by Hugh Ross, with Seymour Lipkin, piano; the Tanglewood Choir; and vocal soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 8, at 3:30: The Belafonte Folk Singers. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 9, at 8:30: George Shearing's quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 3:30: Diahann Carroll and the Tarriers. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong and his band. (Lenox, Mass.)

Castle Hill Concerts—Friday, July 7: Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8: Arthur Fiedler conducting a symphony group, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 14: Dave Brubeck and the Modern Jazz Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15: Duke Ellington's orchestra and the Lambert, Hendricks & Ross Trio. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Empire State Music Festival—The Empire State Festival Symphony Orchestra in the opening performances of a season that will run through Sunday, Aug. 6—Wednesday, July 12: A staged production of Bizet's opera "The Pearl Fishers," conducted by Laszlo Halasz and with Lee Venora, soprano; Giuseppe Campora, tenor; Hugh Thompson, baritone; and Ara Berberian, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Starting Thursday, July 13: The New York City Ballet. (Anthony Wayne Recreation Area, Bear Mountain-Harriman State Park. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. For tickets, call OX 7-0490.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Thursday through Saturday, July 6-8: Ruth St. Denis, Mia Slavenska and George Zoritch, Norman Walker and his company, and Lotte Goslar and her company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 11-15: Maria Tallchief and Erik Bruhn (Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, and Saturday matinée), Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez (Wednesday evening, Thursday and Friday matinées, and Saturday evening), Jean Cébron, Teokila A'Asa, and Nala Najan and Sasha. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays, and Thursday, July 13, at 3:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, July 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, July 7, at 8; Saturday, July 8, at 2; and Sunday, July 9, at 2 (doubleheader).

BOXING—Rocky Fumerelle vs. Don Fullmer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, July 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 6-8.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 13-16.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Tremont, Monday, July 10, and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 15. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 8, and the Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50.)

SOCCER—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds—Sunday, July 9, at 2:30: Concordia (Canada) vs. Red Star (Yugoslavia) and Español (Spain) vs. Shamrock Rovers (Ireland). . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 12, at 7:30: Español (Spain) vs. Red Star (Yugoslavia) and Monaco vs. Dukla (Czechoslovakia).

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday, July 15, at 3:30, and Sunday, July 16, at 2.

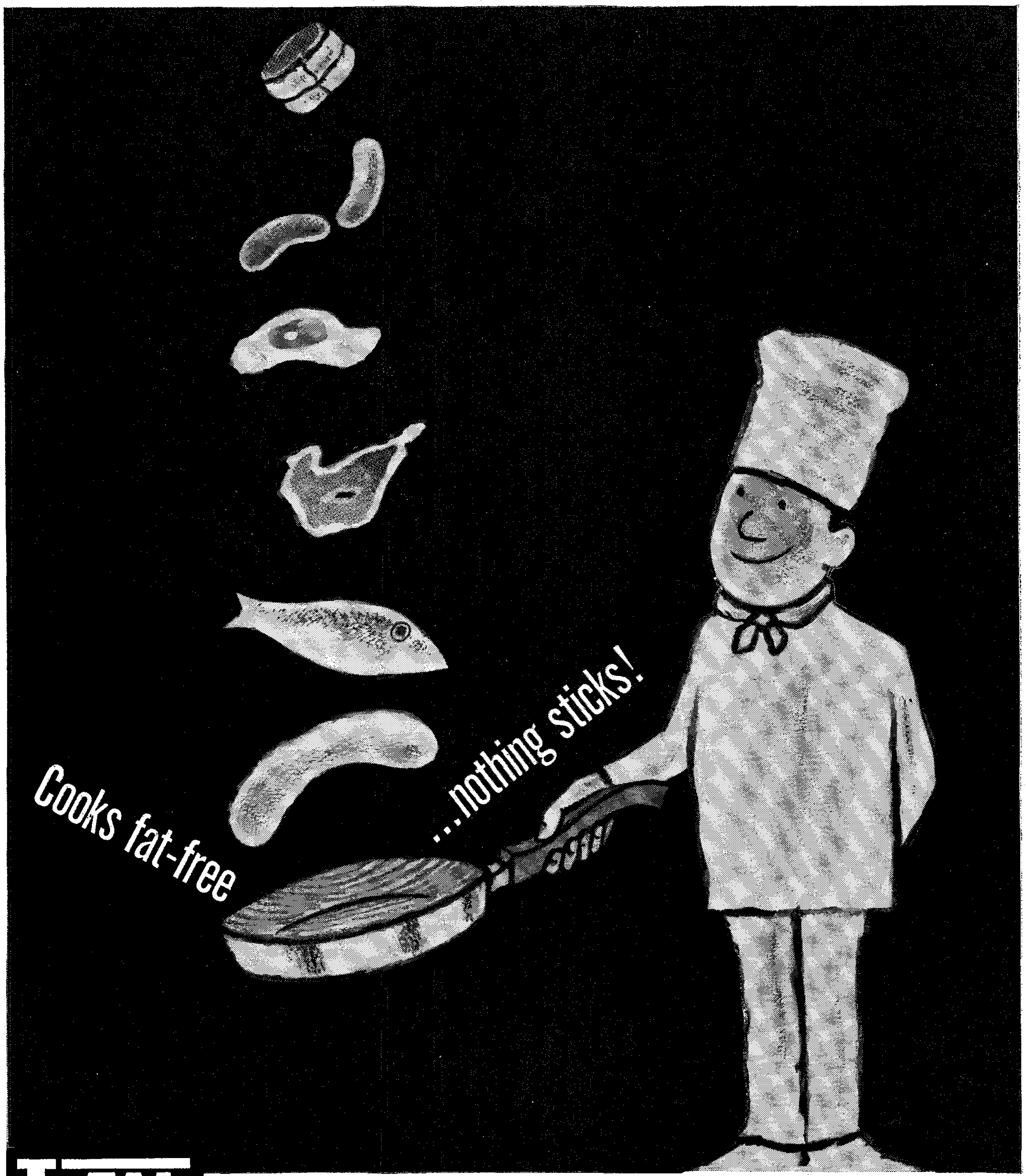
TENNIS—New York State Men's Championship. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Through Sunday, July 9.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, July 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Thursday through Saturday, July 6-8, at 1:30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 15.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.



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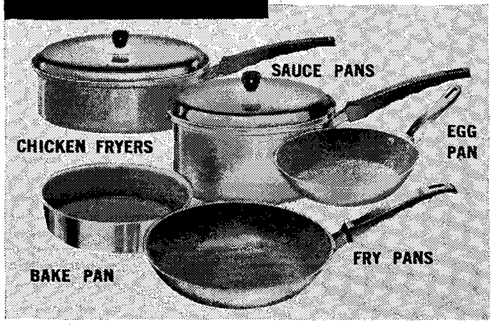

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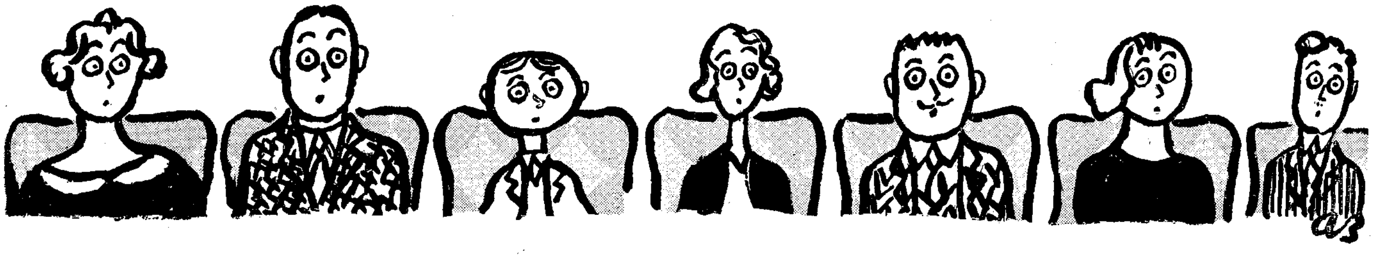
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



The Big Deal—Some small-time Roman crooks decide to pull off an ambitious safecracking job, but they have a hard time keeping their minds on their work, and the moment of truth proves to be a moment of pure bedlam. An altogether genial, occasionally slapstick spoof of "serious" crime pictures. Imported from Italy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting July 12.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Don Quixote—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkasov, who gives a memorable and touching performance in this doggedly faithful Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. He and director Grigory Kozintsev's astonishing color compositions save the tale from its own broad sentimentalities. Dubbed (and poorly dubbed) into English. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 9, tentative.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head the large cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Fanny—A big, cheerful, nonsensical movie, taken (though not taken very far) from the musical comedy of a few seasons ago. Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, Leslie Caron, and Horst Buchholz all work as hard as if they were making "War and Peace," and the result is undeniably entertainment. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

It Happened in Broad Daylight—You had better be warned that this is about an insane murderer of little girls. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture turns out to be charming as well as frightening, thanks in large part to Heinz Ruhmann, as a police inspector, and to the rural Swiss setting, which effectively heightens the horror by looking ever so pretty and peaceful. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; through July 8.)

On the Double—This nutty story about a G.I. in England who is commanded by British Intelligence to masquerade as a British general allows Danny Kaye to shoot the works, which is just what it is meant to do. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 8.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Ruby Dee, Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Diana Sands head the cast of this movie about the domestic fun and domestic clashes of a Negro family. Most, though not all, of the clashes are the result of a check for ten thousand dollars that points the way out of the Chicago slum in which the family is stuck. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 8, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 11, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 8-11.)

Rocco and His Brothers—The Italian director Luchino Visconti here shows what happens when, in his native Milan, a numerous and impoverished peasant family seeks to rise in the world and finds it easier to sink. A long morality tale, which Mr. Visconti and a well-nigh perfect cast manage to imbue with extraordinary power. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city, Alan Sillitoe has provided the actors with some of the most pungent dialogue to be heard in any movie in years. Albert Finney, who plays the leading role, is a delightful embodiment of the Bronx cheer. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Truth—A brilliant study of the young folk of Paris, some beatnik, some not. Henri-Georges Clouzot, who made "The Wages of Fear" and "Diabolique," has directed the picture in a firm, classical style, and has won from Brigitte Bardot an unexpected and stunning performance as a wanton murderess. Also admirable are Charles Vanel, Paul Meurisse, and Sami Frey. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Tunes of Glory—Bagpipes, kilts, and gallons of Scotch whiskey are the stage props behind one of the great performances of the year, in which Sir Alec Guinness brings all his skill and intelligence to the part of a Scottish regimental colonel battling for his selfish life. John Mills is his formidable but luckless adversary, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson are notable members of an entirely satisfactory cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 12, tentative.)

Two-Way Stretch—A broad and happy farce, showing exactly how to break out of a progressive prison, steal a truckload of diamonds, and break back in again, all in the same night. Peter Sellers is wickedly funny as the chief jailbird, and he gets talented help from Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting July 12. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 12, tentative.)

Two Women—The director is Vittorio De Sica. The stars are Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. The language is Italian. The story (from a novel by Alberto Moravia) is about a woman who takes her young daughter to a mountain village in order to escape the bombing of Rome, and starts back home too soon. The result of the combination is a lovely movie that is also, in an odd sort of way, a heartening one. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Light (1934)—Eerie legend of the Dolomite Alps. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 10, at 7 and 9:30.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

The Country Girl (1954)—An adaptation of Clifford Odets's drama about a broken-down actor who is hauled out of the abyss by his wife and a stage director. Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; July 9-11.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12.)

El (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. Formerly called "This Strange Passion." (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; through July 8.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 6.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 12.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; starting July 11.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 11.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

Marty (1955)—A comic and touching account of the trials and tribulations of a bashful Bronx butcher. Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; July 9-10.)

The Pajama Game (1957)—The Broadway musical, translated to the screen. Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 7.)

Peter the First (1937)—A Soviet sketch of the Czar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—From the Hecht-MacArthur play. John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 12. On Monday, July 10, only, the last showing will begin at 4.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Orson Welles"—Through July 8: "The Stranger" (1946), with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. . . . ¶ Starting July 9: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948), with Rita Hayworth and Everett Sloane. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE TRUTH.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
FANNY.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Rebellion in Cuba," a documentary.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 12 (tentative): **TUNES OF GLORY.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (YU 2-0990; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through July 8: **IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT**; and **EL** (in Spanish; formerly called "This Strange Passion"), revival.
July 9-10: **MARTY**, revival; and "A Hole in the Head," revival, Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson.
From July 11: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through July 11: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey; and "Most Dangerous Man Alive," Ron Randell, Debra Paget.
From July 12: "The Ladies' Man," Jerry Lewis, Helen Traubel; and "Love in a Goldfish Bowl," Tommy Sands, Fabian.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 11 (tentative): **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**; and "Stop Me Before I Kill!," Claude Dauphin.
From July 12 (tentative): **TWO-WAY STRETCH.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 7: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.
From July 8: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 9: "The Bridge" (in German).
From July 10: "Fate of a Man" (in Russian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 8 (tentative): **A RAISIN IN THE SUN.**
From July 9: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 11: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey; and "Most Dangerous Man Alive," Ron Randell, Debra Paget.
From July 12: "The Ladies' Man," Jerry Lewis, Helen Traubel; and "Love in a Goldfish Bowl," Tommy Sands, Fabian.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 11: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.
From July 12: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trouble in the Sky," Michael Craig, Peter Cushing.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
July 6: **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
From July 7: **THE PAJAMA GAME**, revival; and "The Burglar," revival, Jayne Mansfield, Dan Duryea.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through July 7: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "Jazz on a Summer's Day," revival, a documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials.
July 8-11: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**; and "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.
From July 12: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian); and "Confess, Dr. Corda!" (in German), Hardy Kruger.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 9 (tentative): **DON QUIXOTE.**
From July 10 (tentative): "The Bridge" (in German).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 12 (tentative): "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 11: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.
From July 12: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trouble in the Sky," Michael Craig, Peter Cushing.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 11: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.
From July 12: **TWO-WAY STRETCH**; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through July 9: "Aïda" (in Italian and English), revival, Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell.
From July 10: "Fate of a Man" (in Russian).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Frantic" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (LT 1-0450)
"Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE TRUTH (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 11: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.
From July 12: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trouble in the Sky," Michael Craig, Peter Cushing.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 12: **TWENTIETH CENTURY**, revival; and "Only Angels Have Wings," revival, Jean Arthur, Cary Grant. (On Monday, July 10 only, the last showing will begin at 2. At 7 and 9:30, there will be showings of **THE BLUE LIGHT**, revival; and "L'Atlantide," revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 8: **ON THE DOUBLE**; and "In the Wake of a Stranger," Tony Wright.
July 9-11: **THE COUNTRY GIRL**, revival; and "Indiscreet," revival, Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.
From July 12: **HENRY V**, revival; and another feature, to be announced.

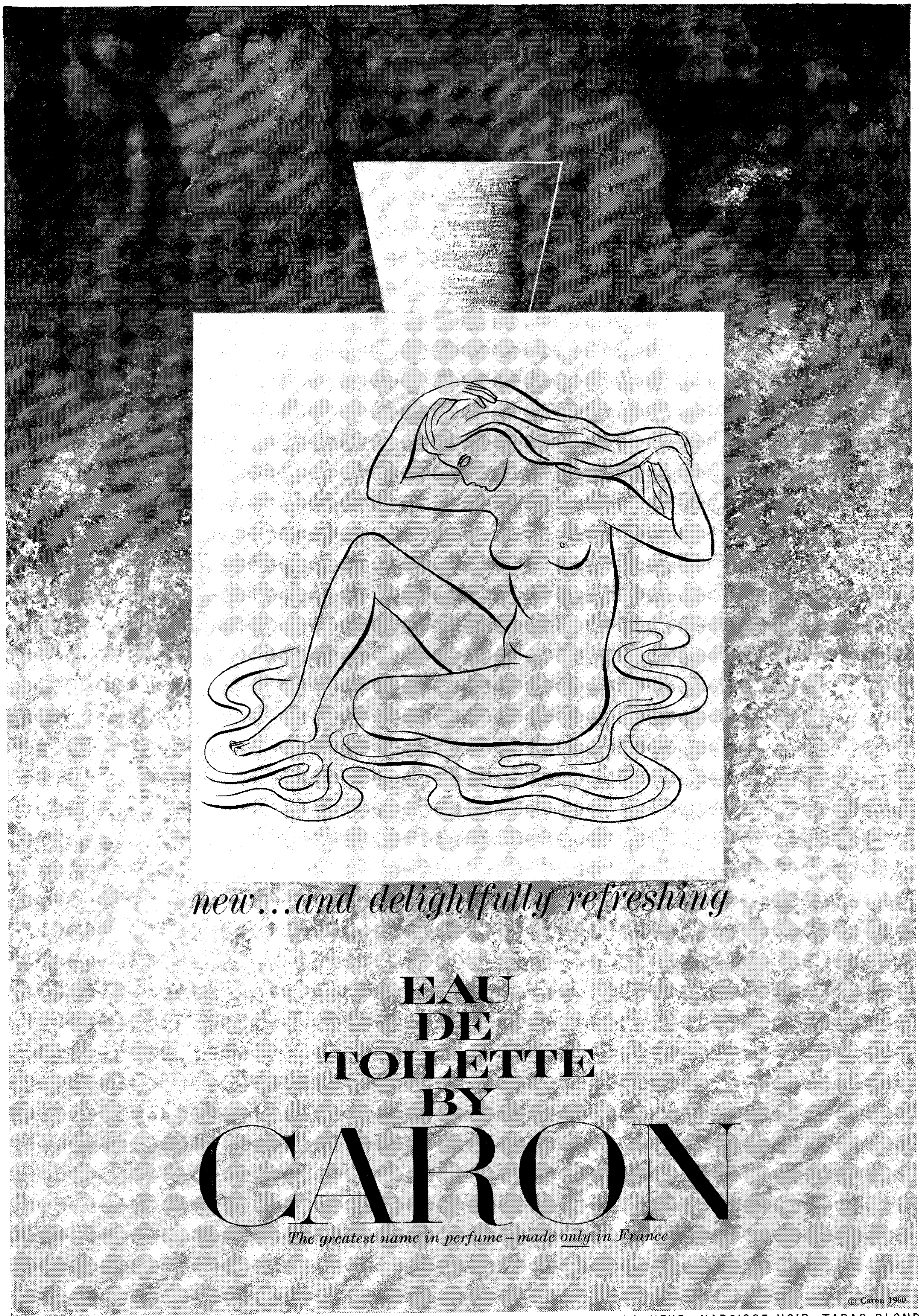
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 6: **PETER THE FIRST** and "The House I Live In" (both in Russian and both revivals).
July 7: "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
July 8: "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms; and "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand.
July 9: "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier; and "Boris Godunov" (in Russian), revival.
July 10: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver.
July 11: **THE INFORMER**, revival; and **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.
July 12: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "The Adulteress" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 12: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey; and "Most Dangerous Man Alive," Ron Randell, Debra Paget.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 11: "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Vitelloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.
From July 12: **TWO-WAY STRETCH**; and "Sin and Desire" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 11: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.
From July 12: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trouble in the Sky," Michael Craig, Peter Cushing.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 11: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey; and "Most Dangerous Man Alive," Ron Randell, Debra Paget.
From July 12: "The Ladies' Man," Jerry Lewis, Helen Traubel; and "Love in a Goldfish Bowl," Tommy Sands, Fabian.



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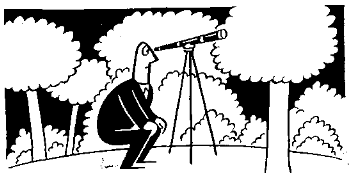
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR interest in the cosmos, like that of many of our fellow-citizens, has been quickened by the advancing rockets, and recently we have been trying to find our way around this unfamiliar territory with the aid of a star map. For all this studious effort, our vision of the heavens has remained obstinately earthbound. On a couple of shameful occasions, we have used a compass, under the light of a match, to confirm the location of the North Star. For us, at this time of year, the plane of the ecliptic begins at a grove of ghostly and companionable birches, then swings up past the convenient silhouette of an oriole's nest and down to a rosy commercial glow of neon on the horizon. We are a backward sort of celestial navigator, hopefully calculating the constellations by our landfalls. The other evening, we were outdoors with a small telescope, attempting to disentangle Mars from the top of a hickory, when we observed (we think) a space satellite. We took it for a star initially, but it made much better time than the stars we are used to. Indeed, it had vanished among the treetops before we could get our instrument into proper focus. We set off at once into the darkness and found another small clearing, over the driveway. Another teasing glimpse, another disappearance. Panting slightly, and stumbling over the flailing tripod, we made for still another clearing, in the woods, only to fetch up brow-deep in a tangle of wild blackberries while the satellite sailed, imperturbably and perhaps forever, out of our sight. Upon returning indoors and to our book, we coincidentally received a gentle and pertinent rebuke for the night's activity, delivered across the awful distance of nearly four hundred years. "Who," demanded John Gerard, in "The Herball" of 1597, "would therefore look dangerously up at Planets that might safely look down at Plants?" We have subsequently been trying, without conspicuous success, to think of a good, brisk answer.



Afloat

SURELY there is something of the sailor in all of us, especially when the sun shines and a breeze blows in off the sea and we are safely on dry land. This being the case, imagine us, in our summer-saltiest mood, making our way to Conservatory Lake, in Central Park, a Saturday or so ago to take in the annual model-sailboat regatta there—the fifth to be held on that splendid sheet of water under the benign eye of the Parks Department. The regatta is limited to sailboat owners seventeen years of age or younger, and when we arrived, a moment before the race for Class C boats was scheduled to begin, we found a goodly host of children, many of them in yachting caps, lying flat on their stomachs along the stone curb of the lake, silent and grim with concentration, while a couple of Parks Department pro-tem bosuns kept parents well back from the launching area. Nothing, though, could keep the parents from shouting last-minute instructions to the prostrate skippers, or the skippers' assistants from waving encouragement to them with the rubber-tipped poles that are used to help launch model boats, turn them about, de-shoal them, and bring them back to port. In short, a stirring scene. Of the six main races on Conservatory Lake, five were for boats running in size from Class A (twelve to eighteen inches from stern to bow, not including bowsprit) to Class E (forty-one to fifty inches), and the sixth race was for homemade craft up to thirty inches long, which were lumped together in Class F. The course was straight across the lake, except for Class E boats, which, thanks to their prodigious size, were expected to make the long run down it. No sooner had the starting gun for the Class C boats (twenty-six to thirty-two inches) gone off than a gaff-headed cutter, a trim craft with spanking white sails, emerged from the pack and made for the windward shore, with what we believe is known in sailing circles as a bone in her teeth. The tricky wind proved too much for the rest of the fleet, the greater part of which listlessly swung about and limped home. Of the fortunate few that captured some wind, two collided—a red-and-yellow sloop and a square-rigger flying a Crusader's cross. No damage done, but this accident guaranteed victory to the gaff-headed cutter, which crossed the finish line in, by our watch, the admirable time of 1:08⅕ minutes.

On a flag-bedecked terrace in front of the boathouse, Mrs. Jeanne E. Kerbs, the sponsor of the regatta, presented trophies to the winners of first, second, and third place, to an accompaniment of suitably lusty cheers, and while the next race was being run we went along to the end of the lake where the fleet of Class E boats was being assembled. "These are the beauties, the real kings," one of the fathers said to us. He pointed out an especially handsome and well-varnished pleasure yacht, which boasted a mainmast and a small mast astern. "That yawl is a likely winner," he said. "But the yellow ketch over there will also bear watching. The wind here

in the Park tends to be puffy and may outwit the yawl.” A Parks man announced over a loudspeaker that while boats might be poled away from the sides of the lake in case of emergency, they might not be given a thrust forward in the process. The starting gun for the Class E race went off, and, as our kibitzer had predicted, the yawl took an early lead. A few seconds later, she unaccountably threw it away by turning and crossing in front of the whole fleet. The yellow ketch forged ahead, then slacked off, and the yawl, after being prodded from the far curb of the lake, regained her lead. Out of nowhere, a piratical-looking schooner came leaping the waves like a salmon and threatened to take the lead from the yawl. A tense moment indeed, made all the tenser when the schooner and the yellow ketch aggressively started on collision courses. In the nick of time, they contrived to pass each other travelling in opposite directions, and the yawl showed a clean pair of heels to the schooner. From that point on, she sailed straight to victory, and we were waiting to hear her proclaimed the winner when we learned that someone was flying a protest flag. A rumor swept the lake shore: *The yawl had been given an illegal thrust forward!* To a stunned crowd the chairman of the regatta committee announced that the yawl was disqualified and that the first prize would go to the pirate schooner. More cheers, accompanied by many a sorry shake of the head over how little we can ever be sure of in this world, ashore or afloat.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Bohemian Embassy, in Toronto, which is a coffeehouse frequented by Canadian beatniks, is listed in the Bell Telephone Company of Canada’s Yellow Pages under “Consulates & Other Foreign Government Representatives.”

Twenty-five Thousand Doctors

ONE afternoon last week, we wandered into the Coliseum to see what the American Medical Association was up to in the course of its hundred-and-tenth annual convention. Just inside one of the entrances, a small doctor, accompanied by his wife, was having a hard time with a registrar. “Are you a member of the A.M.A.?” the registrar asked him. “No,” said the doctor’s wife before the man had a chance to get a word in edgewise, and presently, while the doctor remained silent, his wife and the registrar agreed that it didn’t matter whether he was a member as long as he had a registration card. Following the couple in, we joined the crowd, in which wives and children were clearly in the majority. We later learned that in the first three days of the convention physicians were outnumbered almost two to one by their guests, and that by the end of the week more than twenty-five thousand doctors would probably visit the Coliseum, which would mean a total of forty or fifty thousand guests. No one at the Coliseum got sick while we were there, and we can only hope that, in deference to the six-day convention, no one outside the Coliseum got very sick, either.

Exhibits covered all four floors of the Coliseum, so our first stop was at a refreshment stand to fortify ourself with a cup of black coffee. A shocking number of doctors, we noted, were ordering hot dogs with mustard and relish in preference to egg-salad sandwiches. As for the exhibits, they were classified as industrial or scientific. Among the industrial displays, most of which were sponsored by pharmaceutical companies to promote various pills, were stands set up by Pepsi-Cola, Sanka, Canada Dry, and Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice to advertise the medical properties of their products—low in calories, low in caffeine, artifically sweetened, and so on. Any doctor interested in commending these beverages to his patients was urged to accept free samples and also to fill out a form that would bring him an instructive booklet. It was somewhat unnerving to see the extent to which big business has assumed the role of medical adviser, and the extent to which the A.M.A. members are considered ignorant of the better remedies. Also among the industrial exhibits were a number of displays of medical reading matter. One publisher had adopted a technique usually reserved for the promotion of historical novels: “Second BIG Printing! ‘Back Pain,’ by . . .”

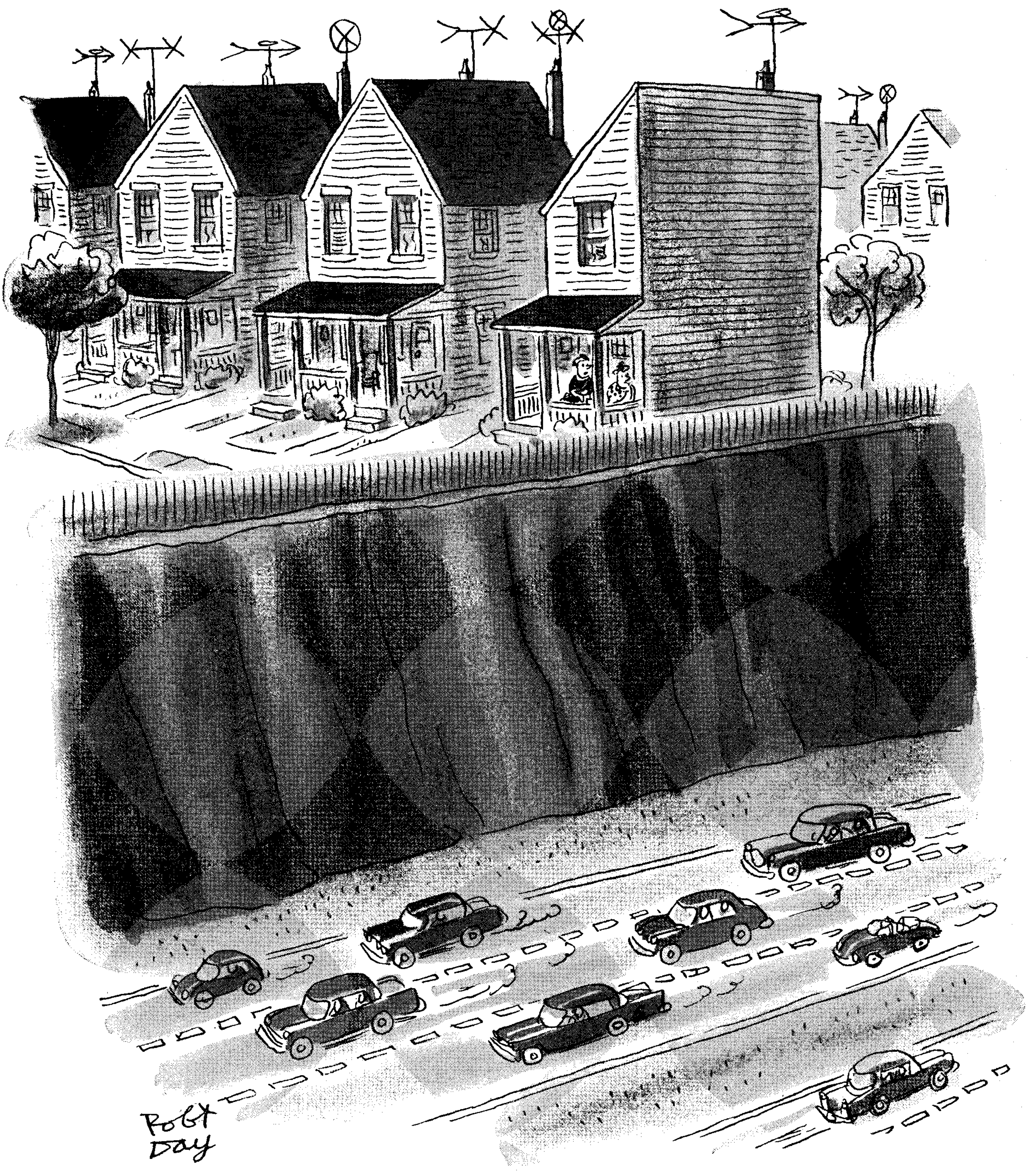
The scientific exhibits, which were in the minority, tended to be extremely realistic, in contrast to the abstract representations of brains, hearts, and lungs in the industrial section. Most of them consisted of series of color photographs of parts of the body, and the ways in which these parts degenerated or were restored to health. Others simply presented a three-dimensional arm or leg (artificial), or, in one instance, a whole body, with a large red hole in it. One scientist had chosen to use rather bloated-looking rubber dolls to demonstrate various means of fastening children down for X-rays. A small, damp black guinea pig was the star attraction of the Germ-Free Laboratory of the University of Arkansas.

The doctors themselves exhibited great variety in dress and appearance. Many of those who were not wearing conservative gray or navy suits were dressed in colorful madras jackets. One doctor, from Brooklyn, had on a gray felt hat with a vast brim, and a vest adorned with a gold watch chain—an image of bygone days. We didn’t notice a single doctor smoking a cigarette, although there were butts on the floor, but one had an unlit pipe between his lips and several were puffing on cigars. Every now and then, we happened on a serious discussion group, but on the whole the doctors were engaged in introducing themselves to one another or peering in total confusion at their exhibit catalogues. As we watched from the sidelines on the third floor, one after another walked uncertainly past us, and as often as not past us again in the other direction, eyes open wide with aimless expectation, eyebrows raised, catalogue in hand. A demonstrator nearby shifted from foot to foot, ready to explain the latest in electrocardiographs, but no one seemed capable of going over and asking him to do so.

On the way out, we passed a doctor dozing in a chair not far from a sign that read “Miltown.”

Message

WE have it on unimpeachable authority that when Leonard Lyons, the *Post’s* one-man Addison-and-Steele, visited the recent exhibition of Biblical paintings by the Israeli primitive Shalom of Safed at the Carlebach Gallery, he told Mr. Daniel Doron, a friend of



"*They were such nice neighbors. We were sorry to see them go.*"

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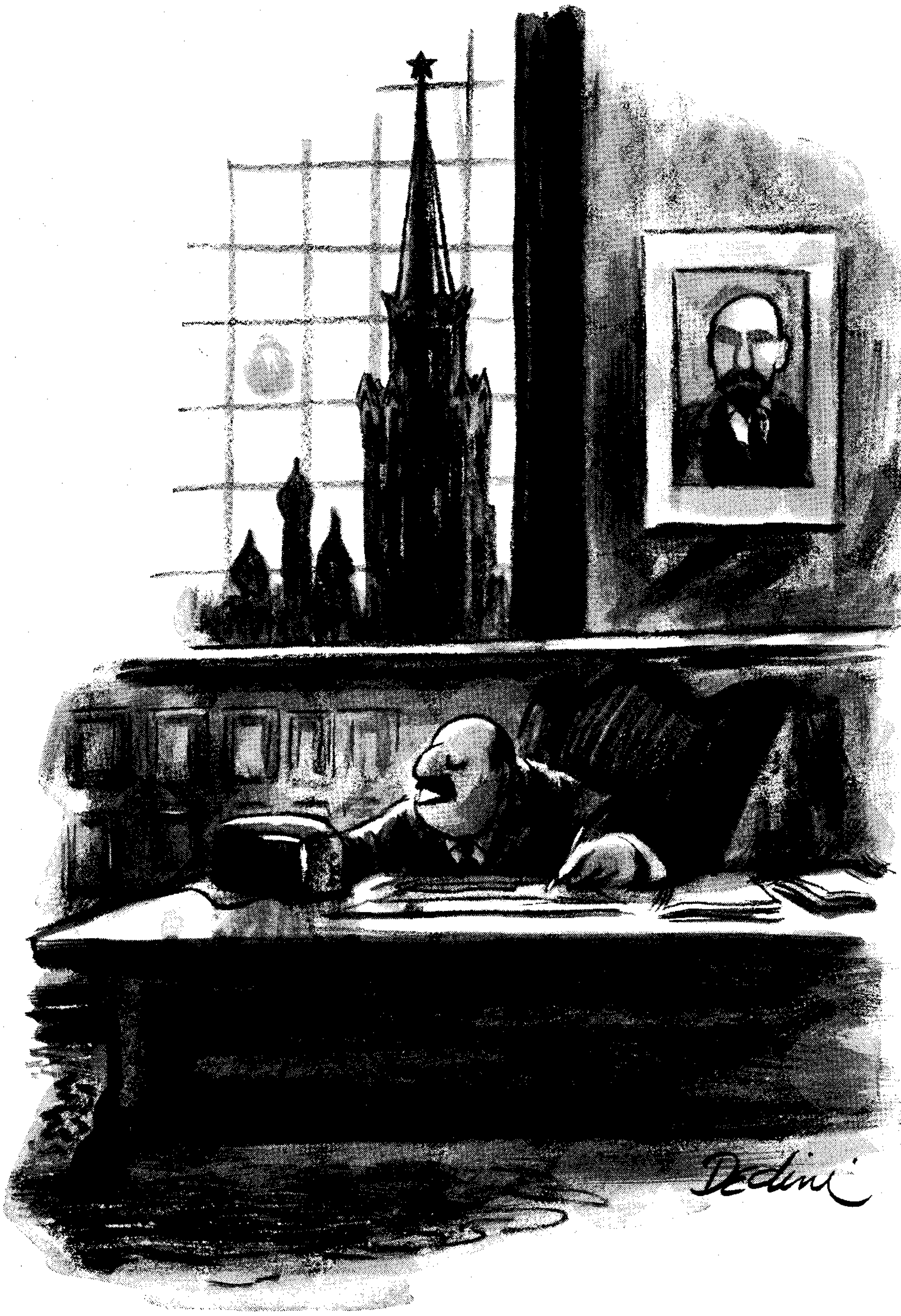
the artist's who was showing him around, that he especially wanted to see the painting "Daniel in the Lions' Den." Mr. Doron found the painting in a portfolio, and it turned out to be a majestic work, depicting Daniel and the lions in sombre shades of black, brown, and gray. Lyons then asked for a translation of the Biblical phrase that Shalom of Safed, in accordance with his invariable practice, had inserted in the painting, in beautiful Hebrew calligraphy, and was told that it said, "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths." There is undoubtedly a snapper that should go at the end of this anecdote so that it might measure up to the high standards set by the master columnist, but our unimpeachable authority just says that *Leonard* Lyons' only comment was "I don't think I am going to buy that painting."

The White House

OUR man Stanley stopped by the office the other day, looking particularly sedate, and deposited the following dispatch:

"Have been in Washington, visiting

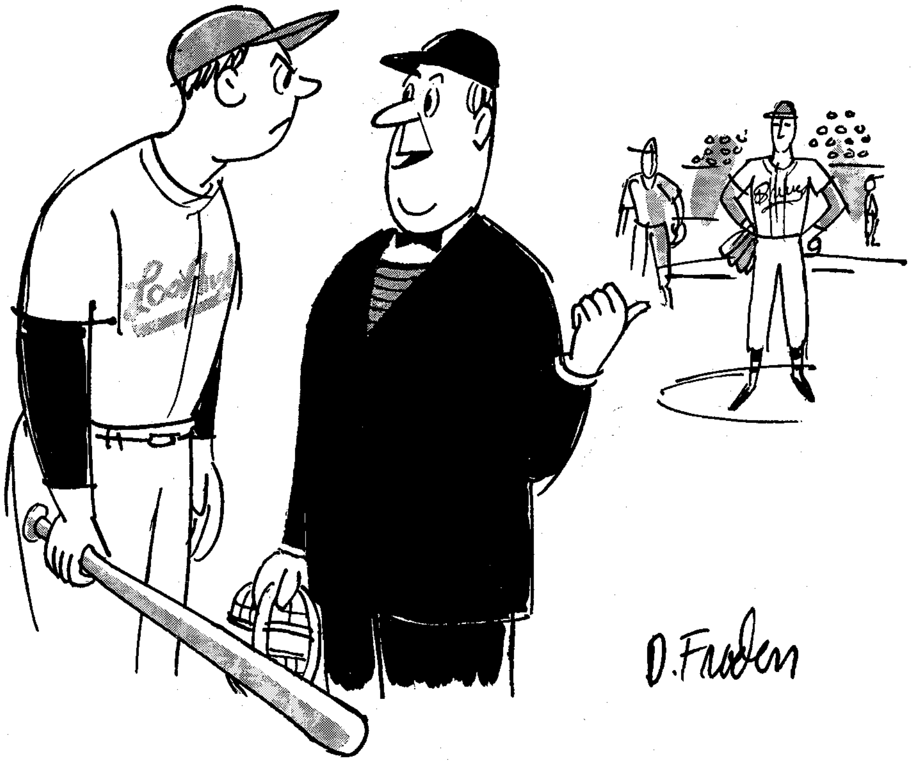
White House. No high-level talks, no Berlin, no Laos, no Cuba—just neighborly visit. White House open Tuesdays through Saturdays for tours of public rooms, on lower floors, and thousands swarm through. Friend arranged for me to join early tour, starting at 8:45 A.M. outside East Gate. 'I'll put your name on the list for tomorrow morning,' friend said. 'Be prompt.' Spent restless night in hotel. Next day bright, clear, hot. Picture-postcard day. Walked over to White House, gleaming in sun, and joined score or more people at East Gate. Name checked at gate by courteous guard wearing blue trousers, white shirt, gold badge. 'Go right in,' said guard, sounding very hospitable. Followed group along pathway, through door onto corridor called East Terrace, leading to White House proper. Terrace has country air, conservatory windows, looks out upon elliptical South Lawn, with fountains playing in center of flower bed, rose trees blooming, gardeners gardening. Spied Caroline's white playhouse on lawn, shielded from street and *Life* photographers by trees, tall bushes. Spied metal marker in formal garden. Marker read, 'The kiss of the sun for pardon,/The song of the birds for mirth./One is nearer God's heart in a garden/Than anywhere else on earth.' 'I'm from South Dakota,' lady tourist beside me said, 'and I think that's the loveliest poem I ever did see.' 'Yes, Ma'am,' I said. Hurried along through double doors into large, square hallway in White House itself, lower level. Greeted by immense oils of four former tenants—Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, James Buchanan, and Abraham Lincoln. Had impression four former tenants looking right at me. 'Lots of history in this house,' whispered lady from South Dakota. 'Yes, Ma'am,' I said. Tall, lanky, pleasant-faced guard greeted group. 'Welcome to the White House,' he said. 'It will be my pleasure to take you through some of the historic rooms on this level and on the floor above. Of course, the President and his family live here, and if they should be using any of the rooms at the moment, we will have to pause and wait. I am sure you understand.' Everybody in group nodded. Understanding group. South Dakota woman tugged at my sleeve. 'I do declare, that's Lyndon Johnson,' she said, pointing at guard. 'Yes, Ma'am,' I said.



"Miss Voronski, please bring in the Communist timetable."

"Followed guard into elegant China Room. Oak-panelled walls lined with cabinets containing china pieces used by almost every President and his family, up to and including Eisenhower. Kennedy ware not yet on display. After all, Kennedys have to eat, and not on paper plates. 'Some new Revere silver pieces just went into the case at the far end of the room,' said guard. 'Paul Revere did more, you know, than just ride a horse to Lexington.' Crowd laughed, nodded. Intelligent crowd. Followed guard into Diplomatic Reception Room—bright, oval-shaped, with yellow upholstered furniture, more china in wall cabinets, and door leading to canopied walk and South Lawn. 'The President and his family, and many distinguished visitors, enter the White House through that door,' said the guard, 'and diplomats meet here preceding state dinners. The President comes through this room, walks out onto the lawn, hops into his helicopter, and over the fence he goes!' Crowd gasped. Real inside stuff. I spied brown spots on South Lawn, probably where helicopter lands. 'And in front of this fireplace,' said guard, 'President Franklin D. Roosevelt delivered his fireside chats to the nation.' I looked hard at fireplace, thought I heard familiar voice. Reverie interrupted by guard. 'Outside this room, and above the door,' he said, 'please notice the gold Great Seal of the United States. The eagle is facing the bundle of thirteen arrows, not the olive branch.'

"Followed guard up marble staircase to first floor of White House and into East Room. Massive room, eighty feet long, twenty feet high. Shiny parquet floor, glittering gold drapes, glistening chandeliers. Overwhelming sense of dignity in East Room. 'This room has seen gay times and sad times,' said guard. 'Here there have been scenes of joy and sorrow.' Guard solemn now, his voice lower. Guard affected by sense of history. 'President Franklin D. Roosevelt lay in state here after he passed away at Warm Springs. A funeral service was held here for Abraham Lincoln. The Eisenhowers held dances here, with music by Guy Lombardo and Lawrence Welk and others, until the President's heart attack. Then the Eisenhowers held musicales in this room. See that huge Steinway and the great gold legs in the shape of eagles? President Franklin D. Roosevelt designed those legs for that piano.' Guard looked puzzled. 'I don't know what that ladder is doing at the end of the room,' he said. 'These days, a new picture goes up somewhere in the house every morning. I guess Mrs. Kennedy is planning to hang a new picture in the East Room.'



"Tell you what, kid. Let's go out to the mound and ask Mr. Spahn whether he thinks it was a ball or a strike."

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"Through connecting door into Green Room. Stunning. 'Mrs. Kennedy brings the ladies in here after dinner, and they sit and talk and have coffee,' said guard. 'The President takes the men to the Red Room for talk and coffee. Then everybody meets later in the East Room and the fun begins. There are some gay times these days, some gay times.' A smile crossed guard's face. 'Mrs. Kennedy has been down here,' he said. 'Two new pictures. She has put up two new pictures. I never saw them before.' Spotted two Mary Cassatts on wall. Through connecting door into Blue Room. Stunning. Oval bijou. 'The walls are of silk damask,' said guard. 'Formal receptions are held here. The President's White House study is directly above us.' Through connecting door into Red Room. Stunning. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Herbert Hoover staring at me. Woodrow Wilson, over mantelpiece, staring at Grace Coolidge, a study in red, and her dog Rob Roy, on opposite wall. 'Mrs. Coolidge used to hang in the China Room,' said guard. 'It was Mrs. Kennedy's idea to move her up here into the Red Room. A wonderful color scheme. Mrs. Kennedy has put up two new pictures on the walls.' Spotted a Corot and a Delacroix. Guard looked puzzled again. 'I am looking for a fire screen,' he said. 'There has always been a fire screen in the fireplace. It was there yesterday. Mrs. Kennedy must have taken it away.' Through connecting door into State Dining Room. Stunning. 'The color is Williamsburg green,' said guard. 'The table is now set for more than twenty people, with the President's chair in the center—one of the armchairs—and the First Lady's chair, another armchair, opposite. For huge affairs, a U-shaped table is set up, seating more than a hundred and twenty. There's a family dining room adjoining, with a candlelit chandelier, and another dining room upstairs.' Lady from South Dakota pointed to a strip of white paint above screen at end of room. 'Mrs. Kennedy is thinking of repainting the State Dining Room,' she whispered. 'Please notice the prayer lettered in gold above the fireplace,' said guard. 'Someone sent the prayer to President Eisenhower after his heart attack, and he liked it so much he had it placed there. John Adams wrote it November 2, 1800, the day after he moved here.' Prayer read, 'I pray Heaven to Bestow The Best of Blessings on THIS HOUSE and on All that shall hereafter Inhabit it. May none but Honest and Wise Men ever rule under This Roof.'

"Through doorway into main entrance hall. Marble. And stunning. Group stood outside door of Blue Room. 'Please notice the Great Seal over the door,' said guard. 'Here the eagle faces the olive branch of peace, not the arrows of war. President Truman placed this seal here when he moved the one we saw downstairs from the floor of this hall. Note the grand staircase, with its red carpet. On state occasions, the Marine Band assembles at one end of the hall, and the President and the First Lady come down the stairs and face their guests, who are waiting at the foot of the stairs. I can assure you that when the President appears, and the band plays, it is a most dramatic sight.'

"Tour over. Crowd, moved by visit, filed out silently. I crossed pillared North Portico, descended steps into white heat of Washington. The Best of Blessings on THIS HOUSE."

Switch

A FRIEND of ours who has a light appetite is the father of a ten-year-old boy who eats like a horse. When our friend's wife takes an evening off to get together with other matrons, he and his son head for a restaurant where children are served special meals at half price. Our man orders the adult portion, the boy asks for the children's plate, and when the waitress's back is turned they swiftly exchange dinners.

A SPIRIT RISES

“BUT why,” said the aging man to the aging woman, “why did your father keep a rocking horse in his study?”

“Was that odder than the carpenter’s bench?”

“Yes, decidedly. In fact, I think all schoolmasters should do carpentry for a hobby. It would be a relief to drive something in with a hammer from time to time. But a rocking horse—a large rocking horse. Why?”

“Everything was larger in those days—rooms, rocking horses—”

“The British Empire—”

“Table napkins.”

(She saw once again the long room, running the whole width of the house. At one end was the fireplace, with St. Jerome above it, his bald, studious head eternally bent, his small lion forever waiting for a word of recognition. At the other end of the room was the carpenter’s bench, with its array of tools, and near by it the rocking horse. The rocking horse was a dapple-gray, with tail and flowing mane of silvery horsehair. The saddle and harness, scuffed with usage, were of crimson leather, and it was mounted on rockers, painted green. And as a child, looking up into its flaring blood-red nostrils, she had always felt an uneasy sense of pity. Surely anything so red must be a representation of pain?)

“I suppose it was rather large.”

“Ten hands from floor level,” he replied.

They had not met for over forty years, and now they met by chance in a crowded room, introduced to each other as strangers. They talked with a kind of stiff intimacy, like children at a party.

(The room was a half basement, he remembered: dusky, shabby, smelling of books, wood shavings, tobacco, and sometimes glue. Its windows looked out on a steeply rising bank where ferns and irises grew and autumn scattered fallen leaves from a Virginia creeper. The bookshelves lining the walls gave it an additional sombreness, and as there were heaps of books on the floor as well as that demoniacal cat, one needed to pick one’s steps.)

“Ten hands. An easy leap for Daniel. Do you remember Daniel, curled up on the saddle?”

“Daniel!” he exclaimed. “I was just trying to remember its name. What an alarming beast!”

“You should have known Jael. Daniel was mutton compared with Jael.”

“Why did he choose such savage cats?”

“Jael chose him. She met him in the street and followed him home. And nothing could dislodge her.”

“I don’t wonder. I felt much the same.”

(The man, dead for so many years, now entered the room carrying a large stoneware jar of ink. The cat fastened herself round his leg, intending to climb up him. The jar slipped from his hand. As it hit the floor, the cork flew out and a fountain of ink spurted up, drenching everything except the cat. This incident she knew only by hearsay, but on the ceiling a corona of spattered ink, like a satanic halo, remained to bear witness.)

“Why are you so circumstantial about the rocking horse’s height?”

“I measured it, one day when I was waiting for him. I believe it was the only time he kept me waiting. Some ass had waylaid him.”

“He didn’t suffer asses very gladly.”

“My God, no! No need to tell one of his pupils that.”

(Laying a hand over a title, for instance, he would inquire what the essay was about, adding that though it didn’t matter which end of a worm you took hold of, a given theme should be approached with more respect—if only as a formality of thanks to the bestower. Then, sitting beside him, you watched him read on, slowly, carefully, giving his whole mind to it, while you felt increasingly sick as you remembered passages lying ahead—the eloquent, the learned, the judicious passages you had been so pleased with at the time of writing; and finally you went off, walking on air because now and henceforward you would know how to set about it.)

“There has never been anyone like him,” he said.

Their hostess came up.

“Philip, I’m very sorry to drag you away. But Anna says that unless you mean to miss the first act—”

“She’s quite right. We must go. Oh dear, now I shall never know about the rocking horse. But it’s been extraordinarily nice meeting you like this.”

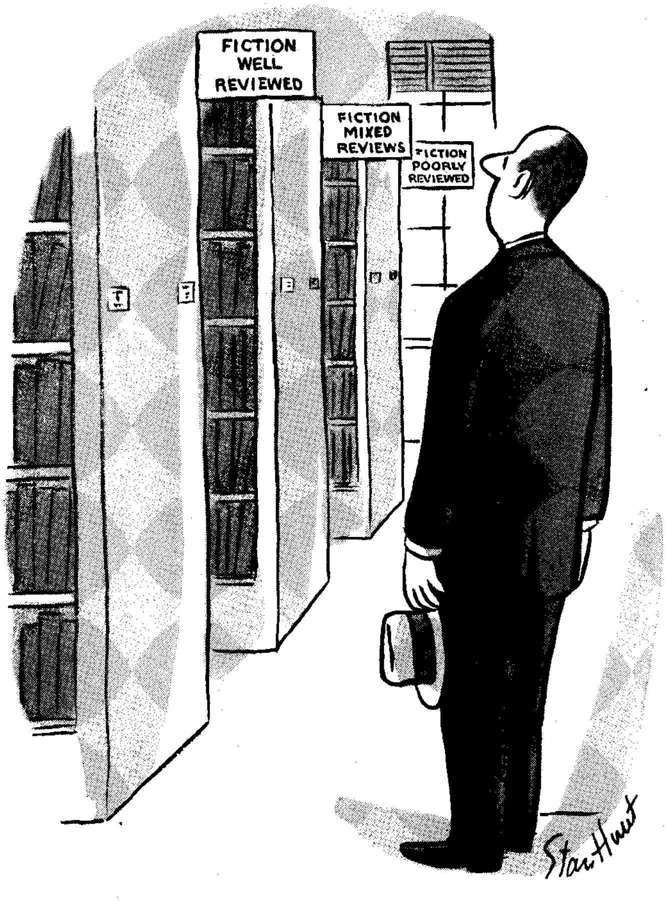
“It was his nursery rocking horse,” she said, suddenly relenting. “He kept it to ride on.”

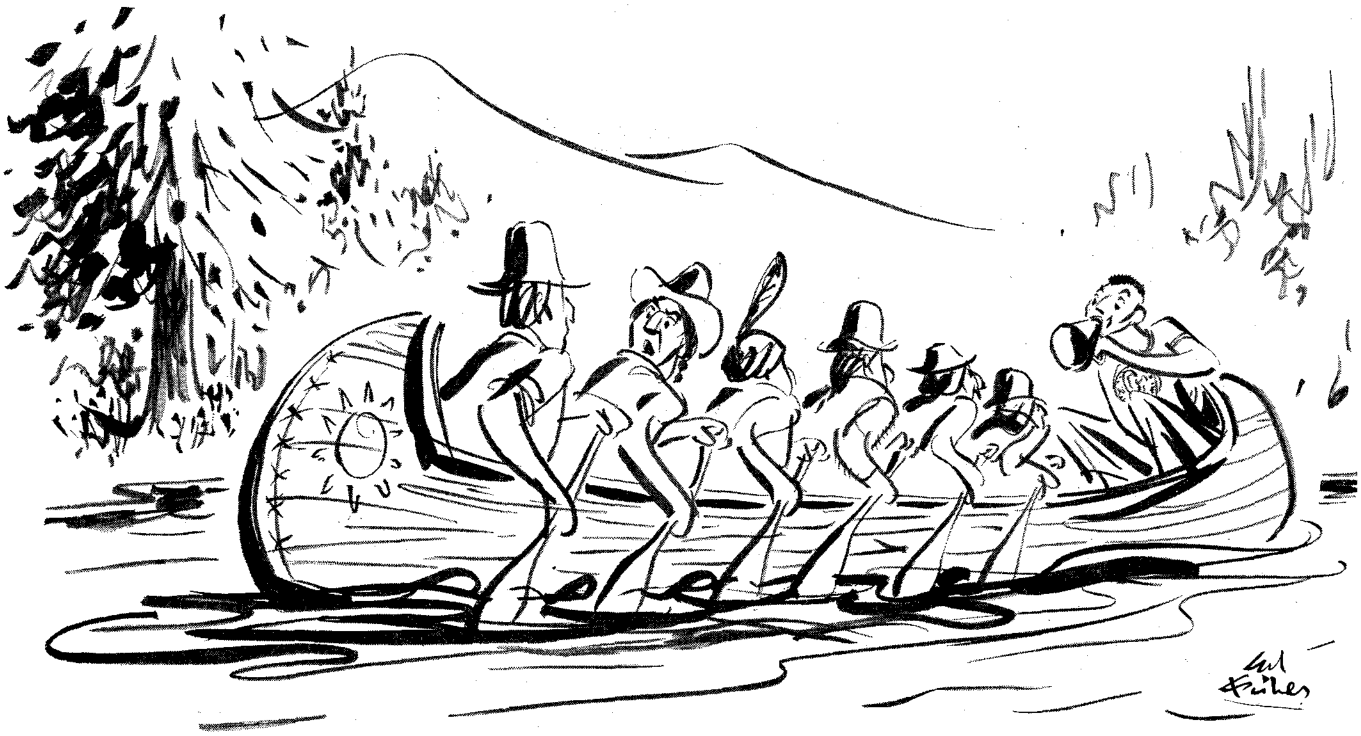
“He rode on it?”

“And read at the same time.”

“Like Shelley. Thank you.”

Till that moment, she had been fobbing him off, teasing a curiosity she had no intention of satisfying, caressing a private malice, honoring an ancient grudge. It had touched her to meet this gray-haired man who still remembered his teacher with such living piety. But for all that, he had been one of them, one of those special pupils who came thronging between her and her birthright, whose voices rose and fell behind the study door, who learned, who profited, who demanded, who endeared themselves by their demands, who were arrayed for the ball while she, her father’s Cinderella, went barefoot like the cobbler’s child in the adage. So why should she admit him to her patrimony, to a memory which she and she alone possessed? Then, because in that sad, submissive “Now I shall never know” he had seemed to be saying farewell to her father and not to her at all, she relented, sending him away with a picture in his mind.





"For this we sent him to Cornell?"

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But the picture was incomplete. A figure was lacking from it.

At the date of the picture, she had no consciousness of those pupils arriving to supplant her. Perhaps they had not even begun to arrive, for at that time her father was a young man, a junior master at the foot of the ladder. Certainly at that time he had more leisure. The sounds of carpentering ascended through the house; he fitted new limbs to her wooden dolls and showed her how to bore holes with a gimlet. He strolled into the garden, snuffing the sweetbriar or hunting for slugs among the auriculas; he was chief mourner at many tadpole funerals. When her mother was out for the afternoon, he would fetch her down to have tea with him—in summer under the hawthorn where you could hear people walking and talking in the road behind the tall wooden paling, in winter below St. Jerome, where the fire and the reading lamp changed the rest of the room into a cave. After tea, she would stay on till her bedtime, pulling out from the lower shelves books she couldn't read and methodically replacing them while he wrote at his desk, a cat dripping from his knee, or sat on the dapple-gray horse, reading and gently rocking. Because of the blood-red nostrils, which had a different reality from the rest of the animal, she was afraid of the horse. He must have known this, for he never urged her to ride on it. But one rainy summer afternoon he called her to him and pulled her up to sit on the saddlebow before him. Holding her round the middle with his right hand, holding a book in his left, he began to read aloud.

> "Little Ellie sits alone
> 'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
> By a stream-side on the grass,
> And the trees are showering down
> Doubles of their leaves in shadow
> On her shining hair and face."

Nursery rhymes she knew, and hymns, for the cook sang them; and a godmother had tried to teach her to say various little poems by rote. This, too, rhymed and ran. But it was different. A calm steady rain was falling, and through the open windows came coolness and the smell of wet grass. The raindrops plashed on the flagged walk at the foot of the bank, the rockers kept up a gentle thunder on the wooden floor.

> "And the steed it shall be shod
> All in silver, housed in azure,
> And the mane shall swim the wind;
> And the hoofs along the sod
> Shall flash onward and keep measure,
> Till the shepherds look behind."

The rocking horse was keeping measure, the silver rain was falling in order to be silver, everything ran together and was one thing. She relaxed, abandoning her weight to the hard body behind her, leaving her legs to dangle, rubbing her head against her father's shoulder. The grasp tightened round her, the voice went on. Just as the rocking horse kept measure, just as the rain fell in order to be silver, the voice went on in order to be poetry. It was familiar, and made itself unknown. Lulled and held and enchanted, happier than she had ever been before, she knew for certain that presently she was going to weep; but to weep as she had never wept before, to weep in acquiescence and delight and participation in a whole, as the rain fell in acquiescence to the gray skies, as the ferns on the bank spread out their fronds under the rain. She knew, too, that the rocking horse was bearing them toward a sad ending: that Ellie would die, or the knight be killed before he could be shown the swan's nest. But that was not why she would weep.

Down at the convent they had begun to ring their bell. It was a single bell, high-pitched and oversweet. "Ting, ting, ting," it said in a precise, mincing voice. But presently the iterated single strokes began to trail an echo after them, an echo that swelled and vibrated till the syllables of the bell were almost unheard in it and became a rod of sound that pierced one through like a crystalline gimlet. To this tranquil agonizing cry Ellie found the nest gnawed by rats and the wild swan flown. Her tears fell and fell. He made no attempt to check them. After a while, but now not reading from the book, he began again: "O what can ail thee, knight at arms . . ."

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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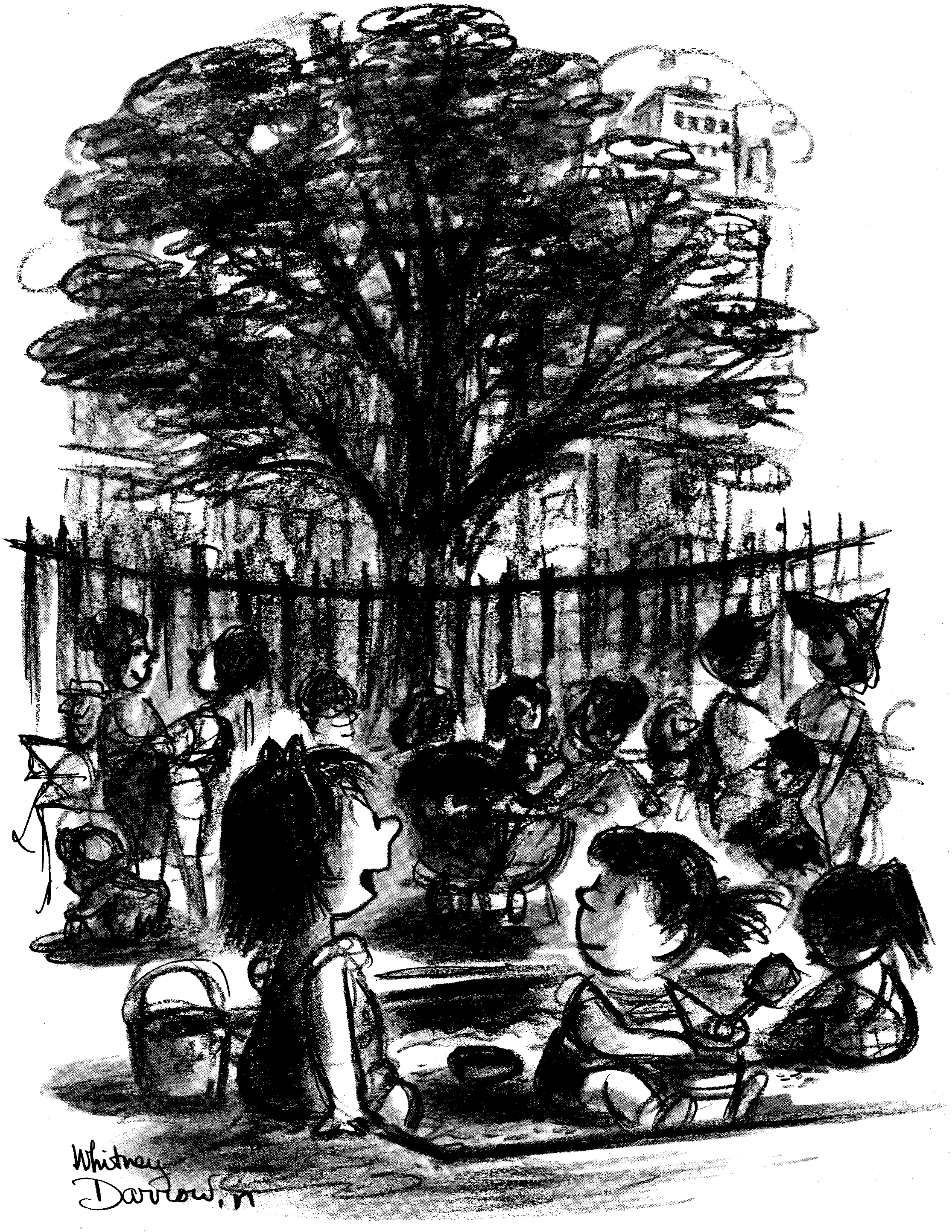
For the Spanish guests there were melodies from Spain; for the Greeks, there was the Peer Gynt Suite.—*Washington Post & Times Herald.*

They're not fussy, the Greeks.


Whitney Darrow, Jr

"I'm getting a little tired of this Caroline cult."

THE WEAKNESS

Bob Buzzell had about seventy-five thousand dollars left out of the money he had made in the ring; seventy-five thousand dollars and his senses, he was fond of saying; seventy-five thousand dollars and a lot of memories, recognition, respect, and a clear conscience by the standards of the racket. He had thrown two fights in the beginning of his career, and he had carried one fighter whom he could have knocked out after becoming champion. At thirty-three he had all his marbles, and enough money to open a cigar store-poolroom, with the half promise of backing for a bowling alley if the cigar store-poolroom caught on. He was thirty-three years old, had a wife and two children, a house on the edge of town, fourteen suits of clothes, a four-year-old Cadillac, and all those memories of luxury travel, association with the famous in show business and politics, two nights in bed with one of the all-time greats of the movies, and a roomful of statuettes and scrolls and belts and photographs. He would never again have to dry out to make the weight, like a goddam jockey; or stay away from women, like a goddam priest; or go through that dreary routine of bag-punching and roadwork and leg exercises, like a goddam college football player. And he would never again have to listen to Marty Carroll, who the boxing writers said had managed, or piloted, him into the championship but didn't have a mark on his face and did have a lot more than seventy-five thousand dollars to show for their nine years together. He would never again have to listen to Marty Carroll referring to him as "my guy" or how "we" had won twenty-two straight without a knockdown.

"One more," Marty Carroll had said when Bob Buzzell told him he was quitting.

"No, no more," said Buzzell.

"Don't be stupid. I can get you Rubinello."

"I don't want Rubinello. I don't want nobody."

"Now listen, wise guy, I said I can get you Rubinello, and then if you ever want to come out of retirement you'll be a light heavyweight."

"You talk like I was going to lose to Rubinello."

"Rubinello right now would have a hard time making you last five rounds. Five rounds is the most he could stretch it, if you stayed away from him the first two rounds. Right now Rubinello could drop you in Round One if he took the notion."

"This is supposed to boog me, hey, Marty? Well, it don't. It shows I'm right, wanting to quit."

"All right, quit. I always knew there was some mouse in you. Just a bit of kayoodle. I seen it come out the first time when you fought the Frenchman."

"Yeah, he had me scared. So did Burns."

"Burns, you weren't scared. The Frenchman, you were. You give the Frenchman everything you had, and when he didn't go down you got the lump, but big. You butted the Frenchman and you should of lost that one. You're what I call a desperation dirty fighter. A front runner. All right, I could of got you Rubinello, insurance for the future. But you walk out on me now and you got nothin'. A big fat nothin', now or any other time. Wudda plan to do? Get a job teaching philosophy? You got the mind for it. That's a great brain you got there, you know. Go on, get the hell out of my office."

"Rubinello must want me pretty bad. You thought you had it made, eh, Marty?"

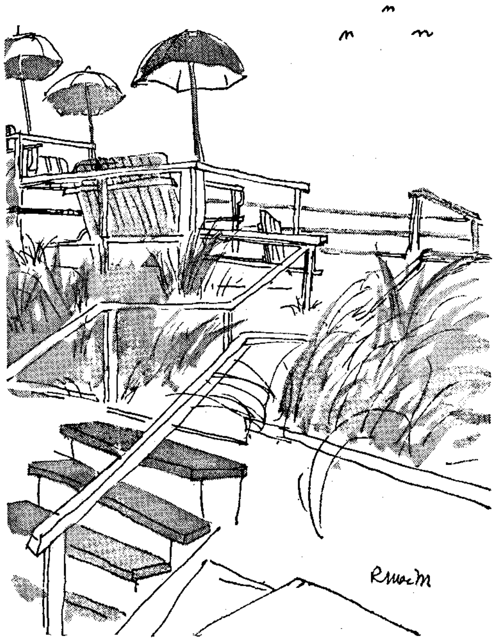
"Oh, I got it made without the like of you. I got a little put away, don't you worry. And I had it when you were still fighting for fifty-dollar watches."

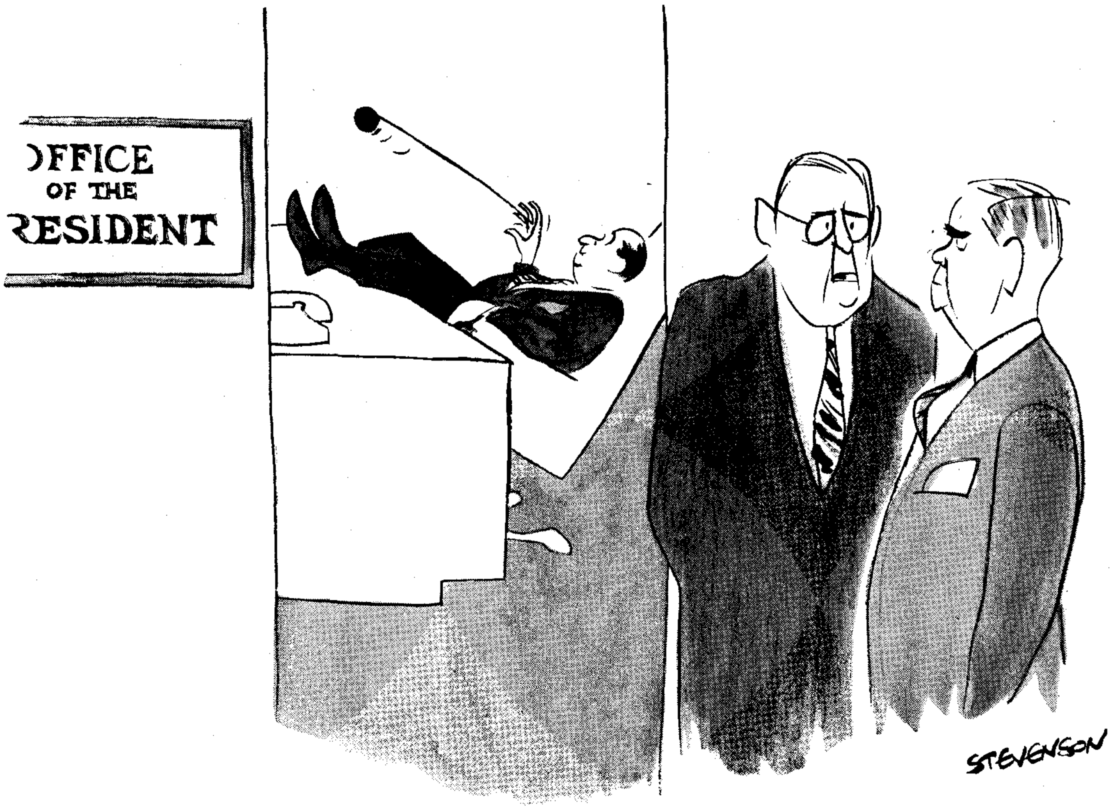
"Only now you got more."

"Yeah, I got more." Marty Carroll picked up the newspaper and opened it wide, and Buzzell walked out of the office for the last time.

At the end of the first year the cigar store-poolroom had lost some money. The early curiosity trade had been profitable, but after six months it dwindled down to the regulars, and Bob Buzzell could tell from week to week how much they would spend. The soft-drink and candy-vending machines and the pool tables were profitable, as were the pay telephones, but there was no money in cigars and the patrons bought their cigarettes cut-rate at the chain drugstore. He had some visitors from the numbers racket and a salesman wanted to install a machine that dispensed contraceptives, but currently there was a local campaign against juvenile delinquency and he was quite aware that the numbers and contraceptive people needed him more than he needed them, and he put them off. He was also anxious to close a deal with the bowling-alley people, and this more than any moral consideration influenced his stand. He was lucky. The district manager of the bowling-alley concern appeared one morning and said he liked the way Buzzell was running his business. "We had to see if you'd go for the fast buck. No offense, Bob, but you could of got tied up with the numbers racket and one thing another, and then you wouldn't of been worth a dime to us. The bowling alley is the biggest thing in the U.S. today, and it got that way because the whole family bowls. The women, and the school kids. And with the automatic pin-spotter, a bowling alley is a big investment. I mean big. You start in six figures, you know. Well, you passed the test. You lost a little this year, but you're clean. No numbers. No dope pushers. No trouble with the law, so we have a proposition."

They used his name, they required his presence five nights a week, and they paid him a salary and a small percentage of the gross income. They kept the books and did the hiring and firing. The contract was for one year, with renewals annually at increases in salary so long as the grosses were maintained at the first-year level, and larger salary increases if business warranted additional lanes. They encouraged his participation in community activities, but he was not allowed to run for public office. In spite of their reluctance to have him face the electorate, the bowling entrepreneurs made no objection when the grand opening of the Bob Buzzell Bowling Alley was attended by the mayor, the sheriff, the state assemblyman, the district congressman, and the chief of police, as well as clergymen of several denominations, the president of the chamber of commerce, the commanders of





"Just between us, I'm beginning to feel uneasy with Blackwell at the helm."

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the Legion and V.F.W. posts, the coaches of nearby town and consolidated high-school teams, the sports editors of the local daily and the county weeklies, and other such dignitaries. The radio station covered the event for half an hour, and music was provided by the high-school orchestra. The mayor, bowling the first official ball, completed a split on his second try, and Mrs. Dora Ringgold, vice-president of the school board, received a canvas carrying case for bowling the first strike.

"You got time now for a little home life," said Betty, his wife, after the bowling alley had been in business a few weeks.

"How do you mean, home life? I gotta be there five nights a week."

"Yeah, but with the poolroom you were there from ten o'clock in the morning to past midnight. I mean like gardening. I don't mean you ought to take up gardening, and I'm not complaining, Bob. Don't think that. I was just thinking we have the daytime we could do things together."

"Like what, for instance?"

"Well, like little trips in the car. The kids are off to school by ha' past eight in the morning, and don't get home till near four. That would give us time to take a *lot* of trips."

"Yeah, but like where?"

"Well, take for instance, we been to Los Angeles and Montreal, Canada. But I'd like to go to Gettysburg."

"Gettysburg? You mean where they had the battle? What the hell's the attraction to Gettysburg?"

"Well, it's historical. My great-grandfather's name is on the Pennsylvania monument."

"You want to drive over a hundred miles to see your great-grandfather's name on a monument?"

"I would. For all you know, maybe you have some ancestors that their names are on the monument."

"I got my name on the roll of honor in front of the Legion post. I can see that any time without driving a hundred miles to see my great-grandfather's name. How do you know your great-grandfather is on a monument?"

"I seen it when I was a little girl. My parents took me."

"All right, you seen it once. Wuddia wanta see it again for?"

"Oh, you don't understand. Anyway, I don't care about Gettysburg. It's just the idea of you don't have to be at the bowling alley till six o'clock. That gives us nearly the whole day we could be doing something."

"I thought you had plenty to do, the housework."

"I do, but once in a while we could take a trip. I could arrange my housework."

"I'll take you on a trip, but Gettysburg. Jesus! I just as soon go back to Guadal. At least on Guadal I could show you where your husband knocked off a couple Japs, not some great-grandfather's name on a monument. What is this, anyway, Betty?"

"Well—you're a real businessman now. All those big wheels when they opened the bowling alley. You aren't just a retired fighter with a poolroom. You're a big man in town."

"A big man in town. What was I before? Just a bum?"

"I didn't say that. I didn't even hint at it. But you got to admit it yourself, you're better off now than fighting. You don't have to be afraid somebody's gonna put your eye out."

"I never was afraid anybody would put my eye out."

"You were so. And you didn't want to end up punchy. You told me that a hundred times."

"I was never afraid of anybody."

"You say that now, Bob, but you used to be."

"Ah, shut up. Don't tell *me* what I was."

"Wuddia wanta argue with *me* for? I'm trying to tell you you're better off. You don't have them things worr'ing you. You can sleep nights and you don't have to go around with those no-good gangsters and creeps. And *I* can go places without people thinking I'm one of those tramps."

"What tramps?"

"Oh, what tramps? Those women. I used to feel ashamed of myself to sit in a night club with those women. As if I was one of them. If you'd of thought more of me you wouldn't of made me sit with them."

"I didn't make you sit with them. You wanted to be there, and I never saw you break no cameras when the photographers came around."

"Yeah, and that time my picture was in the paper, only it said I was one of them tramps and the tramp was Mrs. Bob Buzzell."

"Oh, God, you never got over that."

"No, I never got over it, because that's what they were all thinking. I go all the way to Los Angeles and they don't know I'm your wife. Well, now it's time I got some enjoyment out of life. You're out of that racket and I wanta live respectable. I did it your way for nine years, but now it's your turn to take into consideration me and the children. I don't care if you don't take me to Gettysburg, but from now on I want to live decent for a change."

"I didn't hear no beefs all the time you were staying at them big hotels."

"No, and I didn't beef when I didn't see you for three months at a time, either. But I didn't beef when you were in the Marines, either."

"Well, that was damn nice of you."

"Well, it was. Listen, I know you. That's why I was willing to overlook certain things, because I know your weakness. But you got some things to make up for, Bob Buzzell."

"Wuddia trying to tell me, Betty?"

"All right, I'll tell you. I was a good wife and mother and everybody in town knows it. I went to church and brought up the children neat and clean, and polite. And I'm entitled to some credit."

"All right, I give you credit. I never said I didn't."

"I got more to say."

"I just bet you have."

"And you better listen. I just happen to know that before they'd put up all that money for the bowling alley, those men investigated me, your family life."

"Oh, I get it. You're declaring yourself in."

"Not for money. Don't think I'm trying to get money out of you. But if I was one of those tramps that hang around prizefighters, you wouldn't of had a prayer to have your name on that bowling alley. You ask Reverend Buchholtz. You ask the mayor. So don't think you got the bowling alley just because you won twenty-two straight fights. *I* had something to do with it, too. And when I ask you to show a little gratitude, I'm only asking for what I'm entitled to."

"Yeah, but what if I thought you were entitled to a poke in the nose?"

"Only once you'd have to do that, Bob. I'd never take it from you. I seen enough of that when I was little. Once a woman lets a man beat her, if she don't get out right away he'll do it again. I seen it with my aunt, and some others, too. There ain't a man that's worth it."

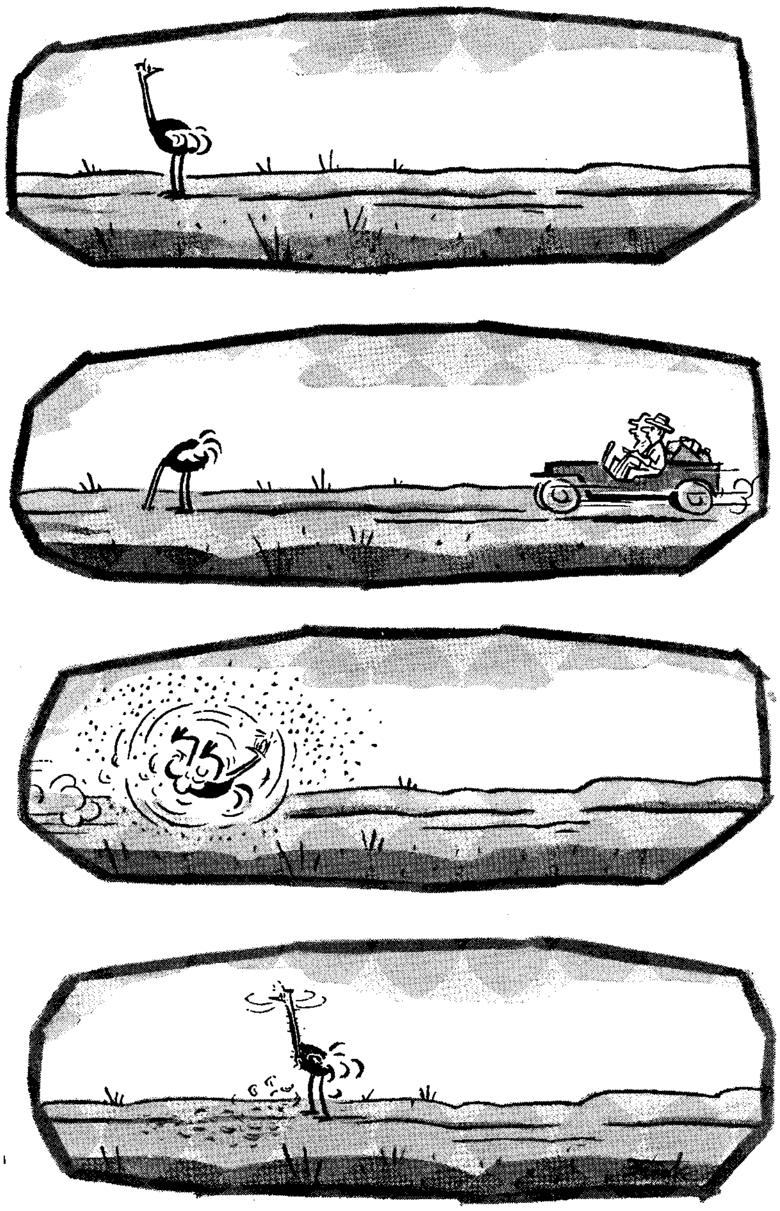
"Well, then don't aggravate me. Because if I'm only gonna get one crack at you, believe me, kid, it'll be a good one."

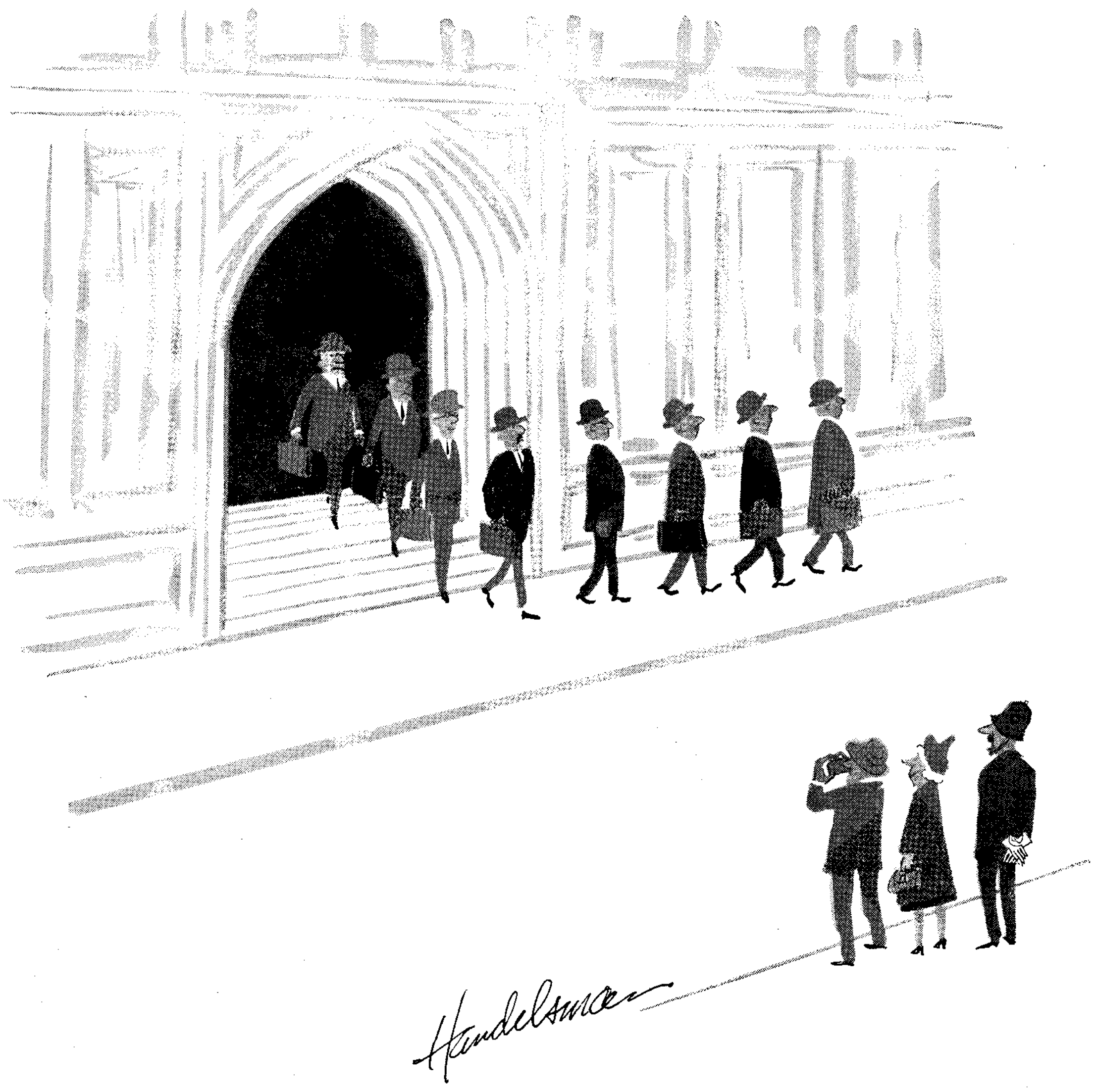
"My advice to you is you better stop thinking along those lines."

"And my advice to you is just don't aggravate me," he said.

SHE had waited nine years, and she had learned patience. For the time being it was enough that she had stated her wishes, and she did not soon again ask him to take her anywhere. He had arrived at his decision to quit prizefighting without any discussion with her. It was what she wanted but had not dared to speak of. Now, with a little prodding, he might proceed from the bowling alley to something else, like a store, or real estate, a garage, or insurance salesman—some business in which he could stop calling himself Bob, and she would become Mrs. Robert Buzzell, or Mrs. Robert W. Buzzell. She hated the sign on the roof of the bowling alley, with the phony signature "Bob Buzzell" in neon tubing. She hated their name on their mailbox. All the other mailboxes in the neighborhood were "William J.," "John H.," or "F. J.," or "B. F." Nobody had nicknames on their mailboxes. "Bob Buzzell" on their mailbox seemed like an invitation to tramps and strangers, and in nine years she had seen enough tramps and strangers to do her for the rest of her life. She wanted to be like other wives, with a husband like other husbands, and to have people gradually forget that she was the wife of a man who was most often photographed with his body bare from the waist up, who had made his living by punching other half-naked men into insensibility. He was the masculine version of the beauty-pageant girls, revealing himself as much as possible, and with his physical measurements printed all over the world. She had seen the letters he got from foolish women and from men who were not really men, letters that sometimes enclosed photographs of themselves. They had made him laugh, but they had never struck her as funny, and she had destroyed the letters and photographs before anyone else could see them. But she knew he had only stopped showing her the letters. The letters had not just suddenly stopped coming; he had simply stopped showing them to her. And once in New York she had seen a message asking him to call a famous movie actress at the Savoy Plaza.

Marty Carroll had never wanted Betty around while Bob was training for a fight, but





"That chap? Oh, he's our Minister Without Portfolio."

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he was equally insistent on her being present at ringside when the fight took place; and of all the people at the parties after Bob's fights, the only one she had any use for was Marty. He had a mean face: cold, blue little eyes and a thin nose that was more like a beak; almost invisible lips; and a dead-white, closely shaved skin as white as his brushed-down hair. She did not like Marty Carroll, but there was something about his coldness and his extreme personal cleanliness that set him apart from the rest of Bob's paid and unpaid hangers-on. In nine years she had never seen him laugh, and when he smiled it was always because of some little triumph over somebody. And yet Betty was more comfortable with him than with any of the others. She never called him anything but Mr. Carroll, and he never in nine years suggested that she call him Marty; but when other people—including Bob Buzzell—called him Marty she had the feeling that they were taking liberties and that in so doing they cheapened themselves without getting any closer to him. All sorts of people called him Marty, but he called no one by a first name or a nickname. Betty was Mrs. Buzzell; Mrs. Marty Carroll lived in New Jersey and not even Bob Buzzell had ever laid eyes on her. All Bob knew about her was that she lived in New Jersey and had a kennel where she bred Kerry blues, and that when Mrs. Carroll spent the night in New York, she and Marty stayed at a hotel on the other side of town. No one connected with prizefighting had ever been invited to the Carrolls' farm. Sometimes Betty had envied Mrs. Carroll, but she had never been able to ask Marty about her. He plainly considered Betty one of the people who would never be invited to the farm and with whom any discussion of his wife would be a waste of time.

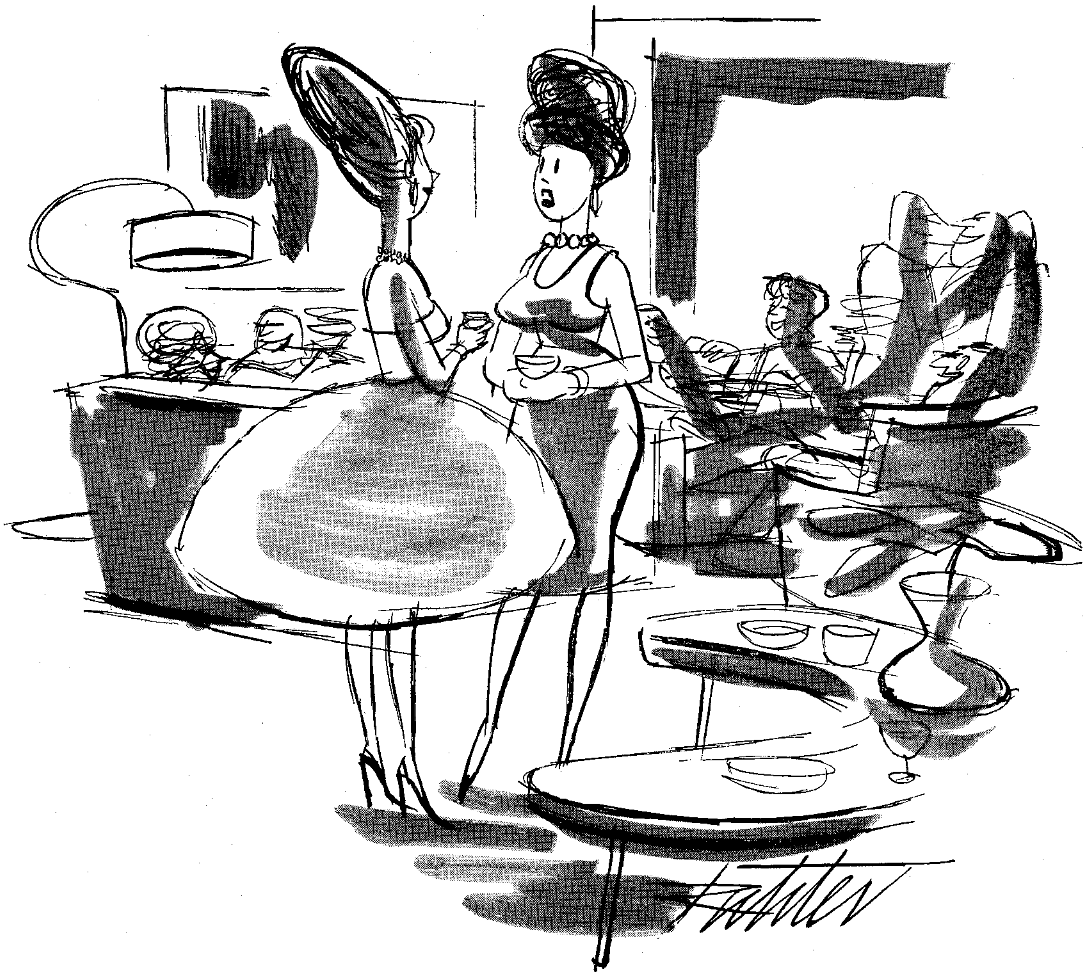
Two things she had come to understand about herself and the Marty Carrolls: she had wished that Bob could be like Marty, making the money that was in prizefighting, but remaining aloof from the people in it, and she had wished that she could be like Mrs. Marty Carroll, who derived all the benefits and still remained even more aloof than her husband. The sums of money that Bob was supposed to be making while fighting were exaggerated and came to fractions of the originals by the time Bob put the money in the bank; but even what was left after taxes and expenses and Marty Carroll's cut and the honest truth had reduced the size of the purses was still more than a Bob Buzzell had a right to expect. He had no education, no trade, no business ability. He happened to have been born quick and strong, naturally left-handed, and able to remember to do what he was told while receiving punches. The boxing writers refused to put him among the great, but they called him tough, aggressive, and a crowd-pleaser, who gave the fans their money's worth and never dogged it. Possibly because it was so obvious, they refrained from commenting that in the ring as well as in the negotiational stages he was masterminded by the old fox Marty Carroll. Obvious or not, it was a fact that Betty Buzzell discovered for herself, and from the moment of her husband's retirement she was determined to emulate Marty Carroll in his guidance of Bob Buzzell. Marty Carroll knew all about prizefighting, but Betty Buzzell considered herself an authority on home life, the kind of home life she wanted for herself and her husband and children. They had the money and the first respectable job of Bob's new career, and the rest was up to her. She was not quite sure what a Kerry blue was, but she had earned her right to have a kennelful of them just as much as the remote Mrs. Marty Carroll. She did not resent Mrs. Carroll's having Kerry blues with money that Bob Buzzell had made. That was life. Brains did it, and the brains belonged to Marty Carroll. But Betty had had a lot of time to think, and if Bob Buzzell could be managed into a world's championship, he could be made into something more important than proprietor of a bowling alley in a third-class city in Pennsylvania. In this situation his weakness was her strength, and she had certain advantages. No matter how many women Bob may have slept with, he always came back to her. She could be as indispensable as Marty Carroll had been, and from observing Bob Buzzell's dependence on Marty Carroll she had learned that her husband had to have someone to think for him.

Betty Buzzell had never been to bed with any man but her husband, but there was a whole world of sexual knowledge in the experience of ten years with him. Not the love that he avowed or the admiration of her body that he displayed was the strength of her hold on him. It was shame. He laughed about sex; he liked to talk dirty in front of people and to make fun of peculiarities. Betty, limiting her actual experience to this one man, had come to understand the subject universally. He lied about the other women, and she never believed the lies. He wanted every pretty woman he saw, and some who were far from pretty, but none of them lasted; he always came back to her, and she knew why. He was proud of his strength, of his masculinity, and she knew he took women to bed with him. She could often guess which women; she could always guess when. He needed women as he needed kids with autograph books and instant recognition by taxi-drivers, and this need was covered by the all-embracing term his "weakness." Her use of the term included women without specifying them, as it included the taxi-drivers' recognition without mentioning it. The weakness was adulation and the public flexing of muscles, showing off and being admired. But Betty always knew when he had gone to bed with one of those easily available women. He would come to her with his unfulfilled desire to be hurt, his basic need to have lovemaking accompanied by the infliction of physical pain. There was his shame. As the public symbol of masculinity he could not in private reveal his special peculiarity, and he would quickly drop a woman for fear that in a continued affair she would find him out. Always there had to be pain, and he was most grateful when Betty would surprise him with a new way of inflicting it. "Why is that?" she once asked him.

"I don't know. I just can't help it. But don't talk about it no more." He was ashamed of the peculiarity and doubly ashamed of her knowledge of it, and notwithstanding his momentary gratitude there was anger in his command for silence. All at once she knew that someday he might kill her, but he would never leave her, and she was not afraid of him.

The bowling alley stayed open till two in the morning. As though to discourage such things as excursions to Gettysburg he formed the habit of waiting at the bowling alley until closing time, and stopping for a hamburger at an all-night diner, although his contract did not require his presence after midnight and he did not have to pay for hamburgers at the alley. He got home nearer four o'clock than three, was careful not to wake her, and slept seven or eight hours. She would make his breakfast and have her lunch with him. The arrangement left them with at most four hours together before the children were let out of school, and every day, depending upon the season of the year, he would go to a driving range and hit golf balls, or go for a swim, or go ice-skating. When the weather was bad he would go to the Legion and play pool. He would get home at five o'clock and have early supper with Betty and the children. Thus, and almost without deviation, they passed a year. For two weeks in the summer they placed the children on her father's farm while they drove to Canada on a vacation trip.

Everywhere they went people would ask him when he was going to come out of retirement, was it true he was going to fight Rubinello as a light heavyweight, what did he think of this new Swede? It was two years since he had been away from home, and the still lively interest of filling-station attendants and motel proprietors and highway patrolmen—even a Mountie asked about the punch that had knocked out a promising Canadian five years earlier—was just what he needed to enjoy the vacation. In Montreal he called up some prizefighting friends who invited Bob and Betty to lunch, but she told him to go without her. She did not want to see them. He did not return to the hotel



"He seems very generous and thoughtful, but with an expense account you never can tell."

until after seven that evening, and she knew immediately that he had been with a woman.

"What you do all afternoon?" she said.

"Oh, they broke out the wine and Jules made his load and we got to talking." He stretched out on the bed while she rebrushed her hair.

"You didn't have any wine, did you?"

"You know anything makes me sick. Why'd you ask me that? I ain't had a drink of anything since I got out of the Marines, and you know it."

"Then you did a lot of talking. Nearly seven hours." She had no desire to make an accusation, but she wanted him to feel guilt through her unspoken suspicion.

"Well, there was a whole gang of us. Some of them I didn't see since five years ago. You want to go out and eat?"

"Sure, I been ready since six o'clock."

"I been thinking, maybe I ought to get a match with Rubinello."

"You go back in the ring and that's the end of you and me," she said.

"Why? I'm in good condition. You notice I take exercise every day. It'd be six months before Rubinello could fight me, maybe a year. He has a return match with Munson he gotta take care of first, so maybe it'd be a year. By then I'd be ready and I could take him."

"And he'd have it in the contract that *you* had to give *him* a return match," she said. "So it wouldn't be one fight, it'd be two."

"And all that loot. Jules would guarantee me eighty-five Gs for my end. Stage the first fight here in Montreal."

"Give me a hundred dollars," she said.

"What for? I give you a hundred dollars the day before yesterday."

"I spent it. I want a hundred dollars to go home. I don't want to be in the same room with you till you get some sense into you."

"That's the way you feel about it, take a hundred dollars out of my wallet."

"I will, but don't you come home till you get some sense. Stay here with Jules *and those friends of his.*"

"I'll do that. That's exactly what I will do. And you better not start hangin' by your thumbs till I come home. In other words, Betty, don't hold your breath that long."

BY plane and bus she made her way home, was there before midnight and spent the night alone in their house.

YOU'LL DRINK YOUR ORANGE JUICE AND LIKE IT, COMRADE

Soviet Union agrees to absorb quantities of citrus fruits to relieve Cyprus surplus.—*Newspaper item.*

There's a Cyprus citrus surplus,
Citrus surplus Cypriotic.
No Sicilian citrus surplus
But a Cyprus citrus surplus,
Not a Cyprus citron surplus
But a Cyprus citrus surplus,
Not a Cyprus citrus circus
But a Cyprus citrus surplus.
It's a special citrus surplus,
Cyprus citrus super surplus.
"Just a surface citrus surfeit,"
Says a cryptic Coptic skeptic.
But the bishop in his surplice
Certifies the surfeit citrus—
In his surplus Sunday surplice,
Certifies the citrus surfeit.
Who'll assimilate the surplus,
Siphon off the Cyprus citrus?
Sipping at the citrus cistern,
Who'll suppress the Cyprus surplus?
Says the Soviet to Cyprus,
"Send us all your surplus citrus;
This is just a simple sample
Of Socialist assistance.
Should you show a similar surplus
In the simmering summer solstice,
Send a summons to the Soviet
For surplus citrus solace."

Now on Cyprus they're all reading
"Victory," by Joseph Comrade.

—OGDEN NASH

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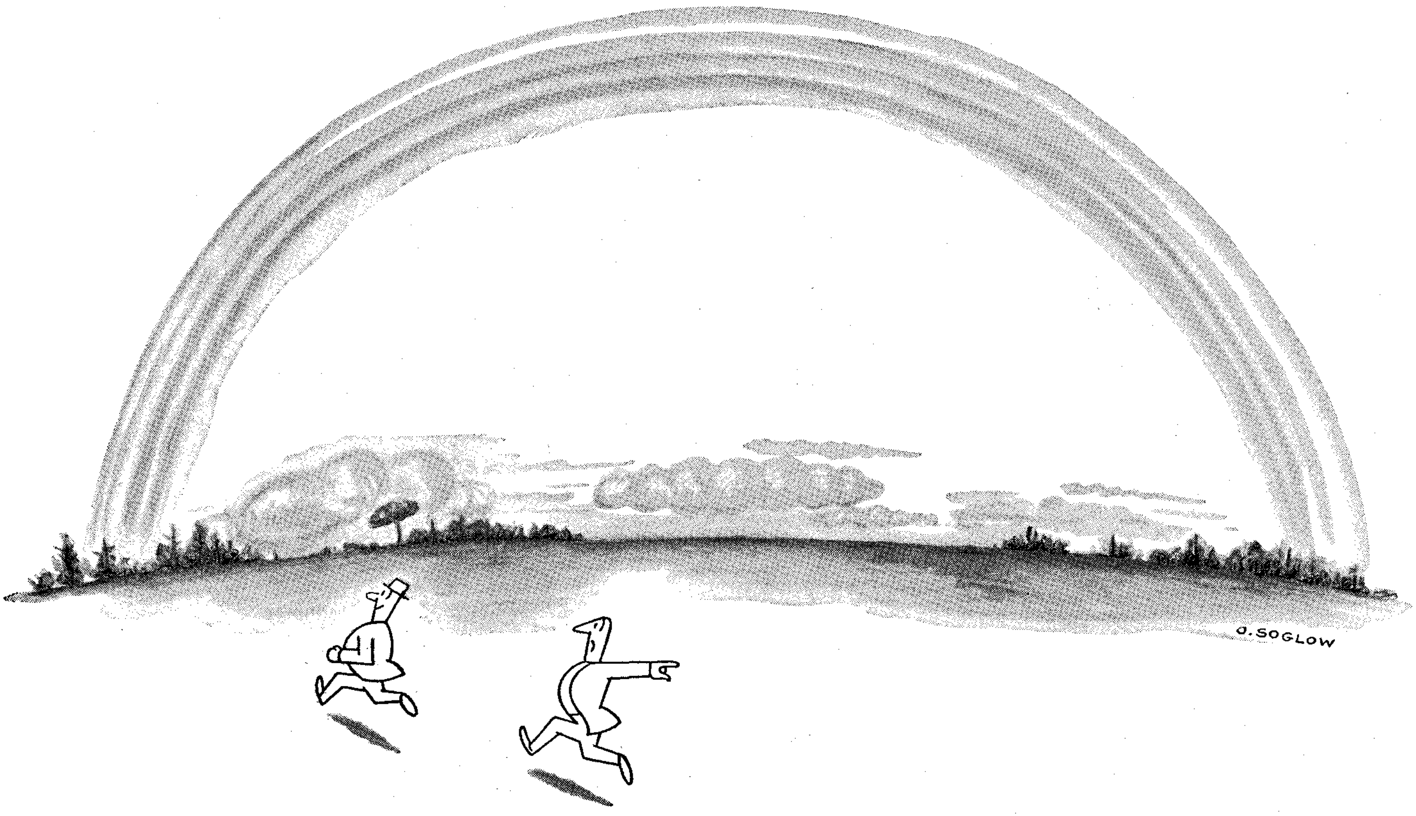
To the people she saw in the next few days she explained that Bob was working on a business proposition in Montreal, and she was so elaborately secretive that her story was accepted.

She knew his weakness. The woman in Montreal would last him two or three nights and then there would be another, and then he would come home. But she would take him back only on her terms, and for a week she planned what the terms would be. He would have to start going to church. Church was very important in her plans for him. He would have to do more at the Legion than just shoot pool. He would take an active part in Little League baseball. And she decided that his contacts could be used to best advantage in the insurance business. Inside of a year, two years at the most, he would be able to give up the bowling alley and demand a partnership, a name partnership, in one of the insurance agencies. In a way she was grateful for the week alone; it gave her *time to think.*

On the night of the seventh day of their separation she went to bed early. She had heard nothing from him, but she was not alarmed when she was awakened by the sound of the garage door rolling up, then rolling down; the familiar kick of his foot against the bottom of the kitchen door; his heavy tread on the way upstairs. She already had the bedroom light on when he opened the door.

He needed a shave badly. He was wearing slacks and a sports shirt and he



"But what if it's at the other end?"

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put his suitcase down gently. "Hello," he said.

"Hello," she said.

"You're not surprised to see me?"

"No."

"You been listeninga the radio?"

"No, why? Is there something on the radio about you?"

"Could be," he said.

"Could be? You mean there is. What are you, in some kind of trouble?"

"Uh-huh. Yeah, I guess you could say that."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I got in a jam in Montreal. I'll tell you about it tomorrow. It's too long a story."

"Not too long for me. What did you do?"

"Betty, I drove all the way from Montreal. I been thinking about you all the way."

"It's near time you thought about me. A week you didn't phone."

"That's because you walked out on me," he said. "That's what got me in the jam."

"What jam are you in, Bob? Are the police in it?"

"I wanta get in bed with you and stop asking me questions."

"No. You're in trouble with the police, aren't you?"

"If I'd of stayed in Canada. But I ain't in Canada. I'm in Pennsylvania."

"Will it be on the eleven-o'clock radio?"

"Maybe it will and maybe it won't."

"It's some kind of trouble over a woman. Did you kill her?"

"I didn't kill nobody. I give her a beating."

"Oh, God," she said wearily.

"Well, you walked out on me and what did you expect? A wife walks out on her husband, she got no claim on him if he gets another woman. And you walked out on me, you got to admit that. Wud you tell them in town?"

"I said you were staying there on business."

"Well, that's what I was."

"And beating up one of those tramps. You were with her the day I walked out."

"No."

"Yes you were."

"Well, all right, so I was. But I didn't start it. She started it."

"How bad did you beat her up?"

"I hit her a couple times."

"And what?"

"I broke her jaw. That's what I heard on the radio. The radio from Albany, New York. I was in the car, and I had the radio going and I heard it, that she was in the hospital and the Montreal cops were looking for me. But by that time I was over the border."

"God in heaven," she said.

"Didn't nobody phone you? The papers or nobody?"

"I was next door till ha' past nine, and then I come home and went to bed." She looked about her, at the furniture, the draperies, the pictures on the walls. "The kids are still with Mom."

He forced a smile. "Well, it's lucky you didn't have some guy here."

"Yeah. Judging other people by yourself."

"I was thinking of you go to the bank tomorrow and get the money out and I'd go somewhere till this blows over."

"And then what? You come back and manage the bowling alley again?"

"When this blows over."

"Are you crazy? I bet if you look tomorrow night they won't even have your name lit up."

"So what? I'll get a fight."

"Who with? Some whore?"

"Hey, now, don't *you* aggravate me. That ain't what I come home for," he said. —JOHN O'HARA

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The robber was six feet tall, Pearce said, wore a grey hat matching his suit, a white shirt and a sincere necktie. He had a blemished complexion.—*San Francisco News.*

Well, you can't have everything.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LAST WILDERNESS

AMAZONAS JOURNAL

THURSDAY: Tomorrow our ship enters the Amazon, and I shall have my first sight of the two and a half million square miles of the region called Amazonas—the basin of the world’s greatest river system, which includes large parts of Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia, but lies mostly in Brazil. In the extent of its unknowns, Amazonas might be compared to western North America in the early nineteenth century. In places, the land behind the riverbanks has never been seen by any man—white, black, or copper—and there are still lost cities, lost tribes, and strange animals to be discovered. It is one of the world’s last stretches of wilderness, and, as an amateur naturalist, I am travelling up the river in the hope of seeing as much of it as I can.

Today we sail past Guiana ports—Paramaribo, Sinnemary, Cayenne. Small mountains rise behind the flat mud coasts, and small islands fleck a horizon of low clouds. One is the infamous Devil’s Island, now merely the site of a beacon. Off Cayenne, at the edge of Brazilian waters, a strange lugger drops its sail to signal us. Our vessel veers to investigate, but as we draw near, the other craft makes off erratically. She has apparently signalled us by mistake; she is a smuggler, probably—one of a fleet of midnight traders that serve the huge appetite for contraband whetted by Brazil’s stiff customs duties. Our ship, the V., is a small British freighter—gross tonnage thirteen hundred and eight, length two hundred and sixty-five feet, hull gray, superstructure white. There are twenty-five in the crew: thirteen Brazilian seamen; three Peruvian stewards; the chief engineer, who is Welsh; two Scots engineers (the Malays and Lascars hatching dark, mutinous stratagems in the fo’c’sle are missing—indeed, the fo’c’sle itself is missing, for the crew is quartered below decks in the stern—but the Scotsmen in the engine room are in the grand old tradition of British seafaring); and the captain, three mates, the radio officer (known as Sparks, of course), and the fourth engineer, who are English. There are two passengers besides me—a young American minister of the New Tribes Mission, who is on his way to the Brazilian interior, and a Lebanese with a Turkish passport, journeying to Belém on business. Both are agreeable companions, though the latter sleeps most of the day. In fair weather, he appears on deck now and then, garbed in bazaar blues and yellows, and black harem slippers. Truly, he is the ageless merchant of the Levant, tired and tireless, homeless and resigned, probing the world on his joyless quest.

We are bound from New York to Iquitos, in eastern Peru, by way of Bermuda, Haiti, the Windward Islands, Trinidad, British Guiana, and Brazilian ports along the Amazon. The V. is nearly a month out, and most of her regular consignment of general goods and foodstuffs has been left behind. Her cargo is reduced to a small tractor for Belém, at the mouth of the Amazon; oil machinery for Manaus, a thousand miles upriver in Brazil; and shotguns, rifles, and storage batteries for Iquitos. She is all but hollow, and she rides high on the olive waters of this forlorn coast, beating southeast against the north equatorial current.

FRIDAY: The equator was crossed during the night, and at dawn, off the village of Salinas, two Brazilian pilots came aboard. Now we are bearing west, the rising sun directly astern, and ahead a morass of shifting currents, tides, and mud, the green, gray, and silver at odds beneath the broken clouds like unmixed paints: the Amazon. I see a strange species of tropic tern, strikingly marked across the mantle, and far off on both sides small porpoises ease lazily along. A few fishing sloops break the expanse, rakish, their hulls blue beneath triangular sails of pink, copper, aquamarine. The jungle—dark, indecipherable patches on the horizon—is still too distant to feel, though Marajó Island, around which the Amazon empties into the sea, is rising on the starboard bow, and the river is thickening with sediment. We are entering the Pará Estuary, the southernmost of the Amazon’s mouths, on which lies the river’s most important city, Santa Maria de Belém do Grão Pará, once called Pará, now Belém.

As the morning proceeds, the clouds swell, and a horizon of countless islands and inlets moves forward slowly to surround us. Minor settlements rise and then sink again into the jungle, and shortly after noon Belém itself appears, gleaming heavily in the hot mist southwest of us on the mainland. Ancient river steamers and other craft litter the outskirts that, half overgrown, creep out along the shores, and nearby, east of the main town, our ship anchors in midstream for customs inspection. Customs inspection at Belém is a famous joke, for the town depends on contraband for its economy. The customs men swarm aboard from their launch in sizable numbers, and a little while later they go away again with what they regard as legitimate emoluments—cigarettes, whiskey, and other items. They move on, gay as birds, to the ship anchored astern of us, a freighter that has been gaining on our slow wake all morning. When the inspection is over and our ship moves along to tie up at the quay, the customs officials are still busy aboard the other freighter, and our crewmen and some of our officers take various wares ashore. One simple mariner has brought four new transistor phonographs from

New York; the profit he will make on these will more than match his salary for the voyage.

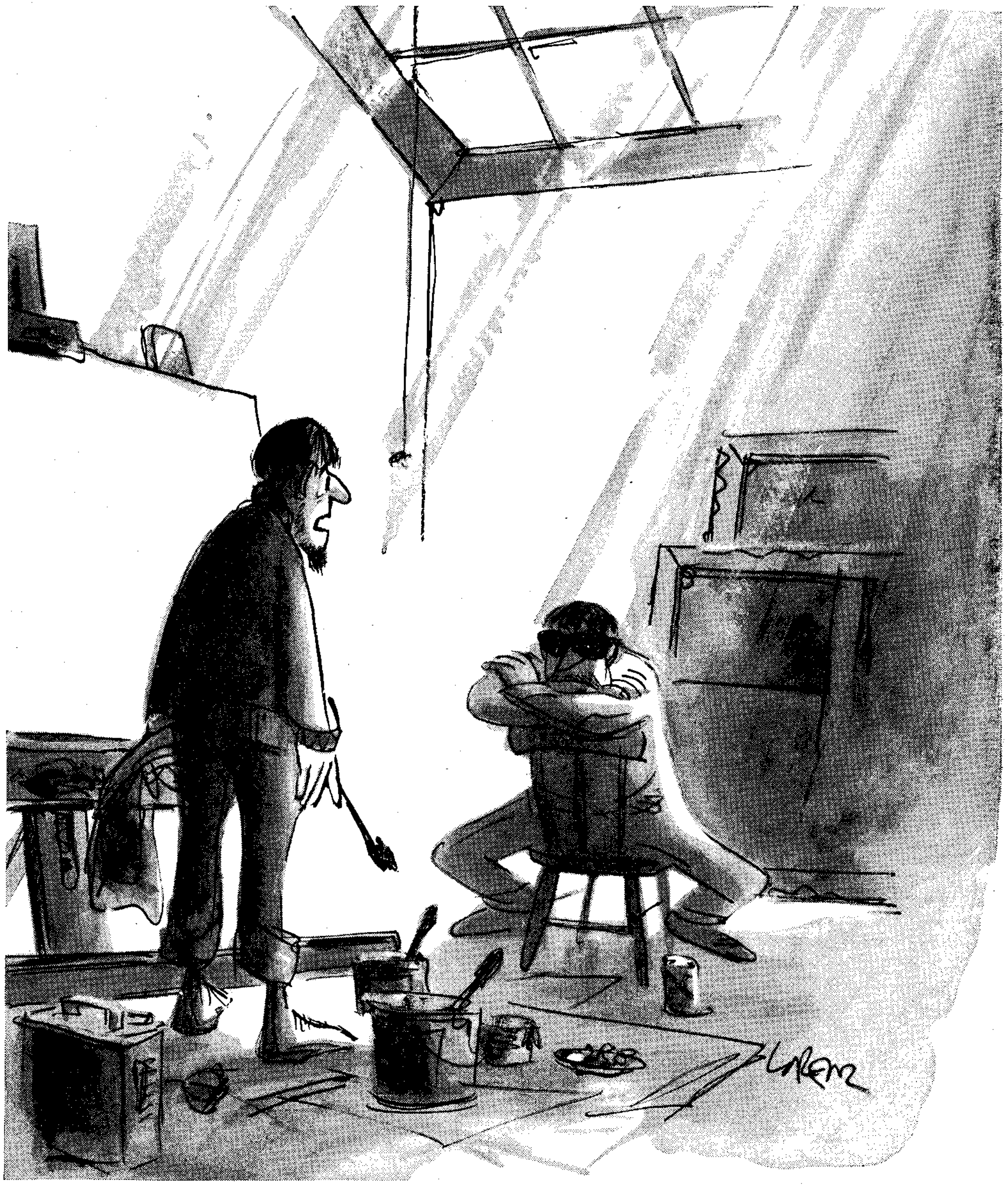
"In this town, almost everything is against the law and almost everything is permitted," an inhabitant tells me later in the day. "If a policeman asks you for a license or an identification paper, ask him for his authority to ask." We are sitting in a street café, and while this man is speaking I absorb the effect of the cobbled streets and quasi-modern buildings. Belém is clean and cheerful, though the waterfront has its seaport complement of paupers and prodigious rats, and everywhere the gray-headed *urubú*, or black vulture, hunches and hops through the litter on its pale legs, or picks silently at the refuse on the tideline. Across the Pará Estuary stand jungle islands, and one has a deep sense of the smallness of Belém and of the hugeness that lies around and beyond it.

I have paid a visit to Belém's combined zoo and botanical garden, an establishment that follows the excellent plan of confining itself to the flora and fauna of the Amazon, instead of the usual small-zoo grab bag of rhesus monkeys, overage circus animals, and exiled pets. The visit has afforded me some sort of protection against the flood of misinformation about the Amazon and its wildlife that seems to be invited by the titanic aspects of the region. The truth is exciting enough, but even so the immense store of legends, which have been accumulating ever since Francisco de Orellana, in 1541, first reported the existence of fierce female warriors in the region of Obidos, is augmented at every opportunity not only by the Indians and the settlers but by the adventurers of all nations who drift in and out of the towns on this huge frontier, and by romantic writers who venture within hearing distance of the legend-makers.

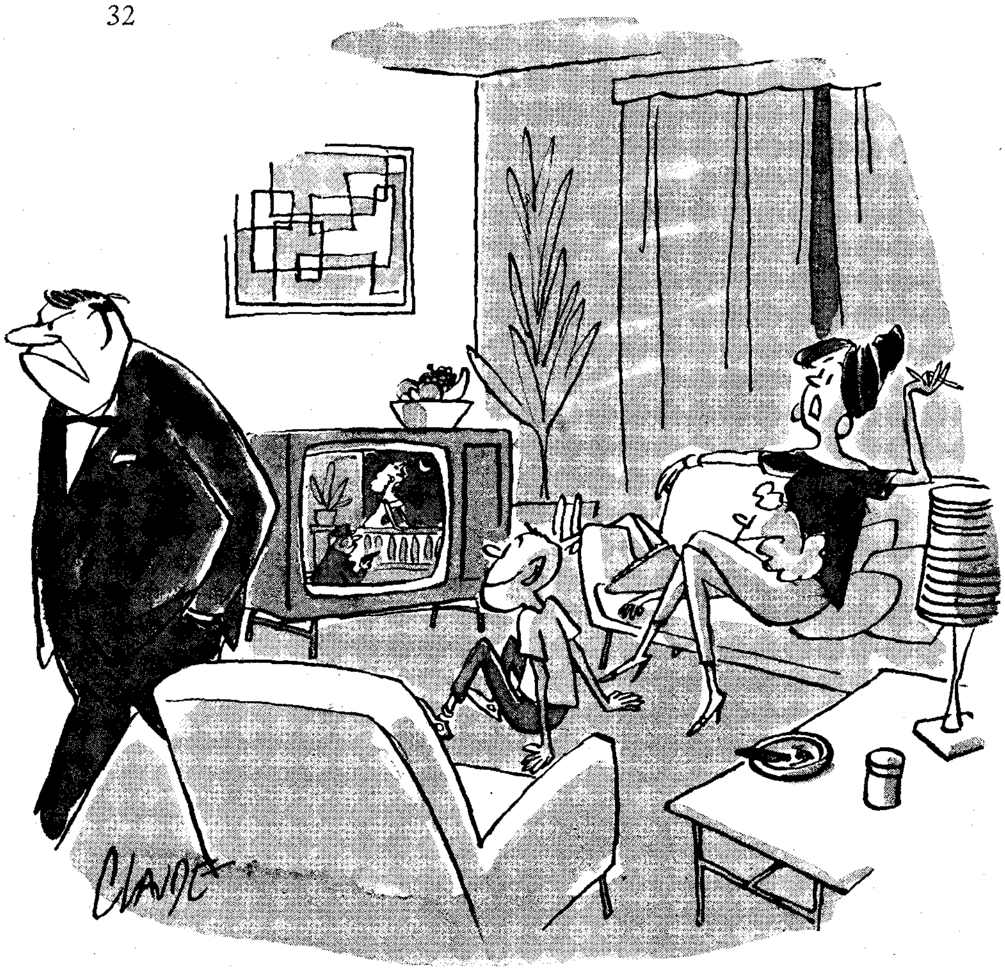
In four hundred years, the river has changed little; its violent wilderness and the potentially lethal elements among its fauna have remained largely intact. The waters of Amazonas harbor large crocodilians of the group known as caymans; the mighty river boa, or anaconda; two species of electric eel; sting rays; the notorious piranha; and a small, spiny fish of wretched bent called the candiru, which seeks out even the smallest orifices of the human body and lodges itself and its spines within, and which, once implanted, has to be cut out. The land animals include the jaguar and a number of poisonous snakes, among which the great *surucucú*, or bushmaster, and the *jararaca*, or fer-de-lance, are perhaps the best known; there are also tarantulas, scorpions, and a host of stinging ants and other troublesome insects. Biting flies, mosquitoes, and hornets are among the aggressive creatures of the air, and in this element lives the common vampire bat. Beriberi, malaria, leprosy, and blackwater fever are just a few of the diseases that do well here, and there are still some hostile Indians. To read or listen to most accounts of Amazonas is to conclude that only a maniac would ever set foot in the place. The truth is obscured by the circumstance that, in this country of unknowns, legends not only are not readily disproved but in some cases are confirmed. Besides, it is very difficult not to defer to an apparently honest man who has been in the wilderness, when you have not.

Today in Belém, for example, I fell in with a French-Canadian who may as well be called Picquet. He is a lean, neat man, semi-educated, who has been a house painter and a merchant seaman, and he carries with him everything he owns—the clothes on his back, a jackknife, a safety razor with a sawed-off handle, which fits into a wooden matchbox, and a waterproof packet containing his passport, his billfold, and a set of worn maps on which he has traced his journeys through South America. He is weak with malaria, and broke, but has arranged for one of the contraband boats to take him as far as Paramaribo, in Surinam, where he hopes to find work on a freighter bound for Europe.

Picquet arrived on this continent three years ago, travelling alone and on foot, with a shotgun and two compasses, down through the trackless jungles between the Canal Zone and central Colombia; since then he has walked, worked, and hitchhiked his way through every South American country but Paraguay. I could find no flaw in his account of all this, no real reason to doubt him. ("I don't have to make up stories," he remarked at one point, "because nobody would believe what I



"I've been counting on posterity, and now it looks as if there won't be any."



"Just because you happen to have total recall doesn't mean the rest of us can't enjoy reruns!"

actually *have* seen. I've seen too much." He said this with polite indifference to my opinion, and perhaps that is the charm of the world's Picquets—that quiet, catlike indifference, even to those who, as in my case, are paying for the beer. This trait is a peculiarity of wanderers, so familiar that I felt I must have crossed Picquet's path before, in the deserts of the American West, perhaps, or in Alaska. It's a disturbing quality, and one that induces a certain self-consciousness about one's eyeglasses, say, or the gleam of one's new khaki pants.) In the course of his narrative, Picquet, consciously or otherwise, supplied ready means of checking on his veracity, and I was reassured to note that, with a restraint rare in these parts, he actually belittled the dangerous nature of the jungle creatures; he admitted that the snakes and other animals were a menace under special circumstances, but, in his opinion, the only one that might attack and kill a man without provocation was the anaconda. Because of his restraint, I had mixed feelings when he seemingly succumbed at last to hyperbole, and described a rare striped cat not quite as large as a jaguar, very timid, and possessed of two very big protruding teeth. This animal, he said, occurs in the mountain jungles of Colombia and Ecuador, and he had glimpsed it once himself. (No such cat is known, of course, but one powerful support for such stories is the pathetic eagerness of listeners like me to rationalize them. Let's suppose, I exulted, that a small subspecies of the sabre-toothed tiger, like the cougar, had long ago established itself here and had thus escaped the ice-age extinction of its North American ancestor; what are the llama, the vicuña, and the guanaco, after all, but living descendants of animals that became extinct on the northern continent? For one wild moment, propped up by my own fascination with zoology, I teetered on the brink of a great discovery.) I believe that Picquet, however mistaken, was sincere in his account, though that did not seem to concern him much one way or the other. He went on to describe how, during the Second World War, he and another seaman had fallen overboard from their freighter when a deck cargo of lumber shifted in heavy seas off Trinidad—and here he happened to mention the name of the American destroyer that had retrieved him and his companion, so that this story, like most of his other stories, could readily be checked. He believes he has a charmed life, and has put the theory to the test all across the world. "I can't sit still," he said, and this was quite literally true; his sad eyes were never really with me, even when his talk was at its most animated. "I figure I have thirteen lives"—he did not bother to explain this—"and have used up about seven. That leaves me six to go." I nodded, expecting him to say that when he reached No. 12, he would stop wandering. He didn't, though. "When I get to thirteen," he said, "I'll die."

SATURDAY: The ship sailed at two in the morning, to take advantage of the tide, and at daybreak we were well past the mouth of the Tocantins River, which runs north into the estuary of the Amazon. Though the estuary is wide here, the channels are treacherous and narrow; on Mandihoy Bank, which boasts the last navigation light on all the thousands of miles of river, the hulks of two sunken vessels protrude like black and rotten stumps. The jungle is remote, rather ominous, on every side. An occasional white egret, like a speck caught on the distant wall of green; the yellow-billed river terns coursing the brown wake for tumbled minnows; and far, floating *urubús*—these are the only life.

The merchant and the missionary left the ship at Belém, and I shall miss them. They have been replaced by an elderly Dutch spinster, bound for Iquitos, and five Dutch Catholic missionaries, bound for Manaus. One of the missionaries has been put in my cabin; today he is suffering from dysentery, and lies miserably in his berth. He is fortunate that illness overtook him here, where he can be cared for; his mission lies six hundred miles upriver from Manaus and the nearest doctor. To expedite their good works, the missionaries have with them a small cabin cruiser, which is lashed onto our foredeck. Their roadless parishes are huge; in fact, the area ministered to by my cabinmate is larger than all of Holland. This idea is more startling to me than the familiar statistics on Amazonas—that the basin alone is nearly as large as the continental United States and contains one-fifth of all river waters on the earth, that Marajó Island is larger than Switzerland, and that the river carries more than five times as much water as the Mississippi, and annually pours five billion tons of sediment into the sea, where it muddies the water either a hundred or two hundred miles from the coast, depending on which writer you read. Such figures are impressive, surely, but they seem rather empty, for they have no

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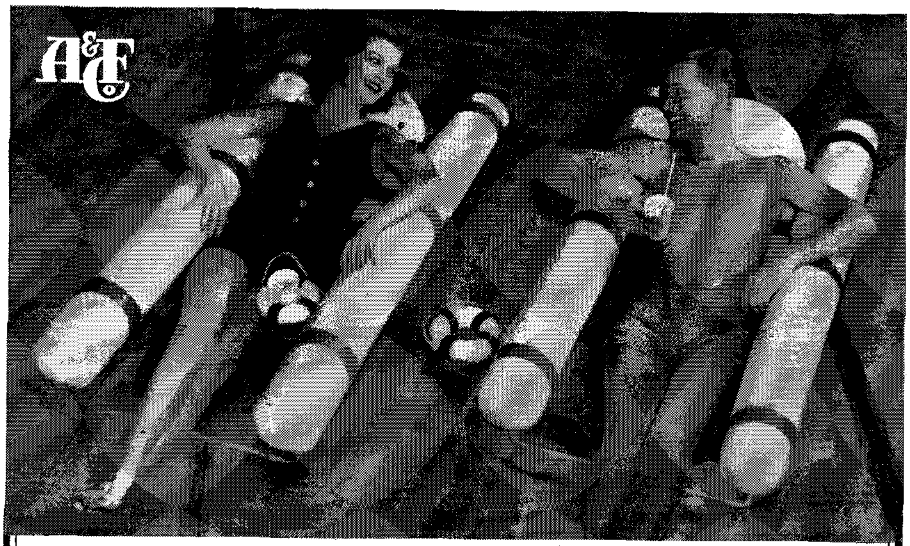

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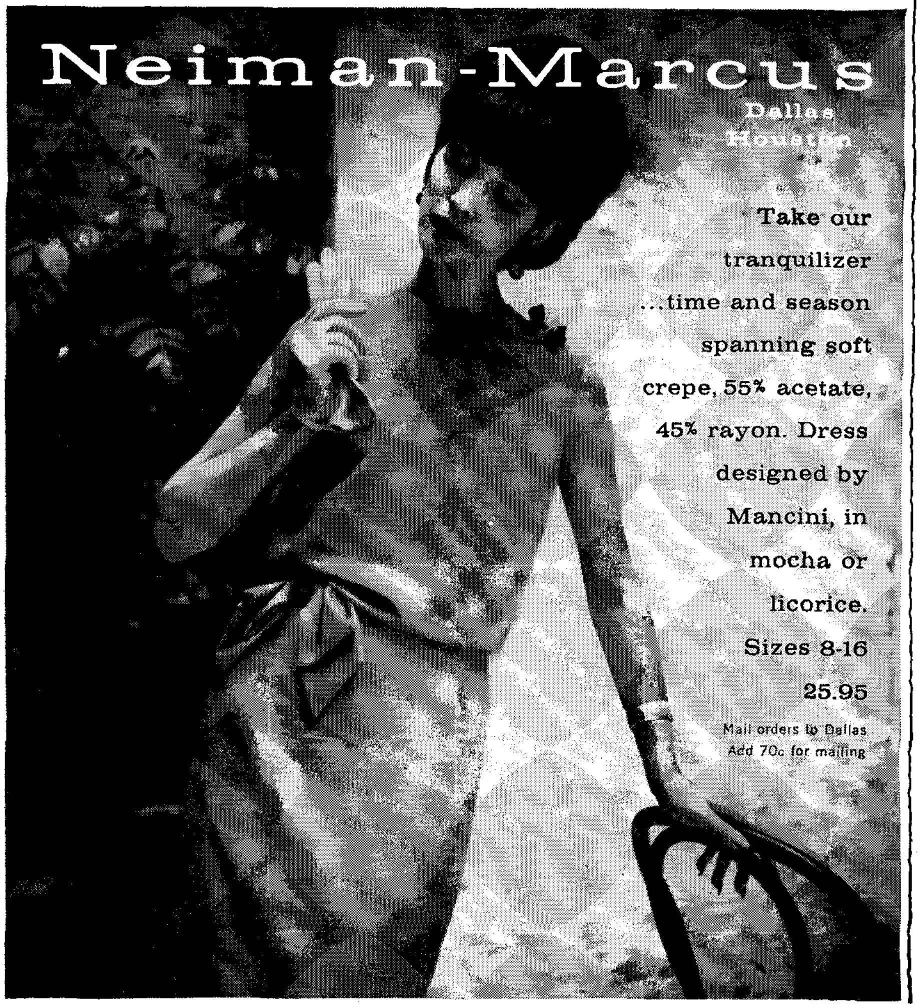

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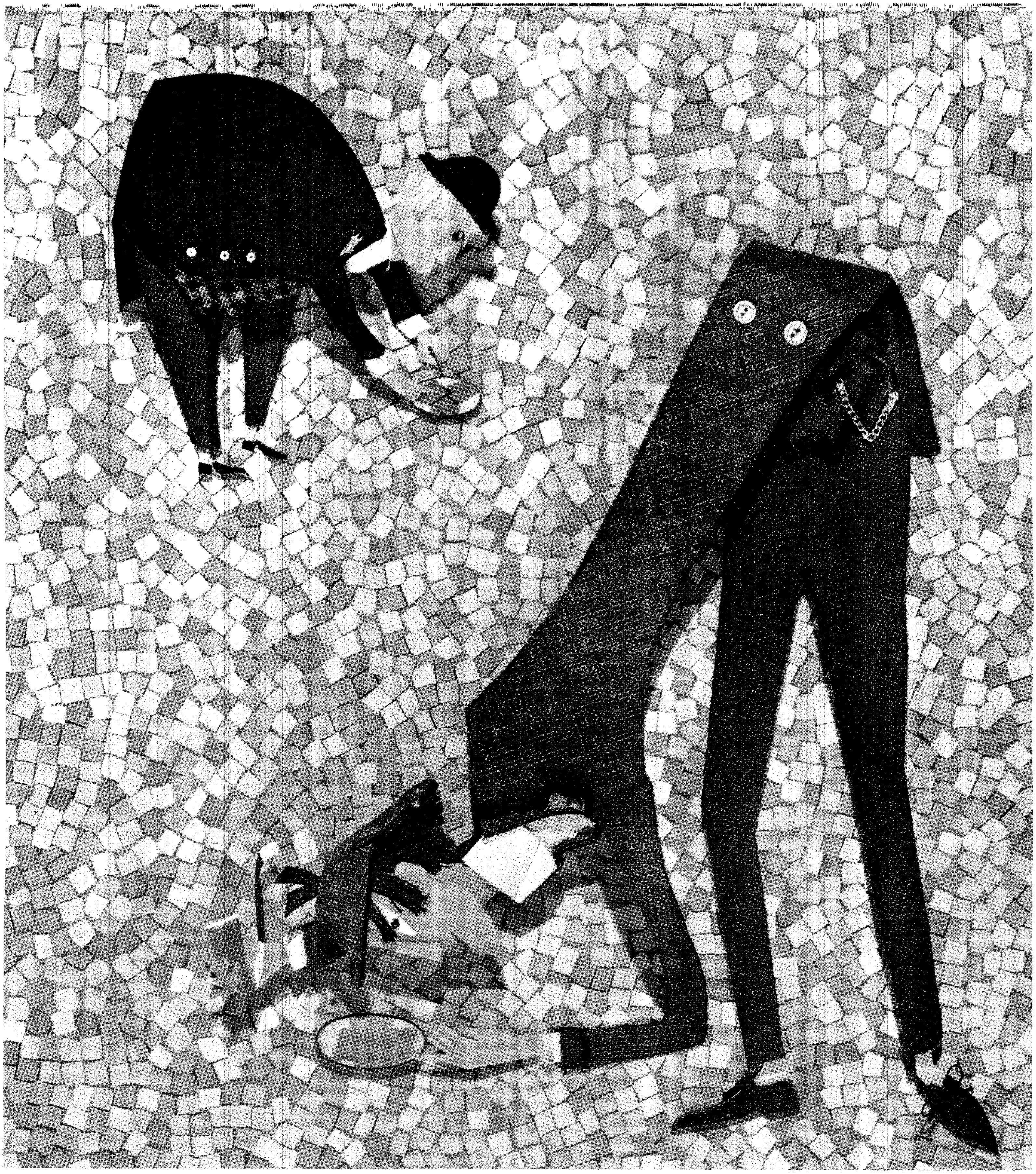
context of human endeavor; the distance to the moon, by contrast, has become a much more awesome figure now that the possibility exists that man, a particular man, will traverse it. Besides, awe of the Amazon jungle is emotional, not intellectual. H. M. Tomlinson, whose "The Sea and the Jungle" is one of the few levelheaded works in the literature of this region, quotes an Englishman living in Belém:

> "I'm half afraid of it . . . not afraid of anything I can see . . . I don't know. There's something damn strange about it. Something you never can find out. It's something that's been here since the beginning, and it's too big and strong for us. It waits its time. I can feel it now. Look at those palm trees outside. Don't they look as if they're waiting? What are they waiting for? You get that feeling here in the afternoon when you can't get air, and the rain clouds are banking up around the woods, and nothing moves."

The "waiting" concept is accurate, and is difficult to improve upon. There seems ordinarily to be a deadness in the air, in this terrific equatorial heat, under a sky neither quite shining nor quite raining, but poised between the two—a silver sky of dirty bruises, of suspense. But later today the sky turns a pale blue, and later still an explosion of wind out of the north bursts the humidity apart. Suddenly—more suddenly than in any change of weather I have known—the air is chill. For the first time since Bermuda, I consider putting on a sweater. And night along the Amazon is also cool. Unquestionably, there is something strange in these jungle airs, something of foreboding. Man seems ill at ease here. On the riverbank there is an occasional palm hut, it is true, and an occasional rude clearing, but these are impermanent, as if tacked on the green wall, and the huts, at least, will go when the river rises. The rainy season has begun, and already great patches of live savanna grass and whole dead trees are drifting swiftly eastward. The banks are low on this stretch of the river, and the jungle is never cleared, only bent back. Where the banks rise a bit, the huts boast a few plantain trees, and occasionally some scraggy, humped gray cattle. Among the settlers—these forest half-breeds, copper-colored, are called *caboclos*—some are nomadic loggers, who cut the myriad tropic hardwoods, and others produce manioc and jute, or tap the wild rubber trees, but most just come and go with the low water, subsisting on wild fruits and animals and the river's swarming fish. A frail, small canoe beneath the jungle wall is more forlorn than a solitary sail at sea.

"Its capacities for trade and com-



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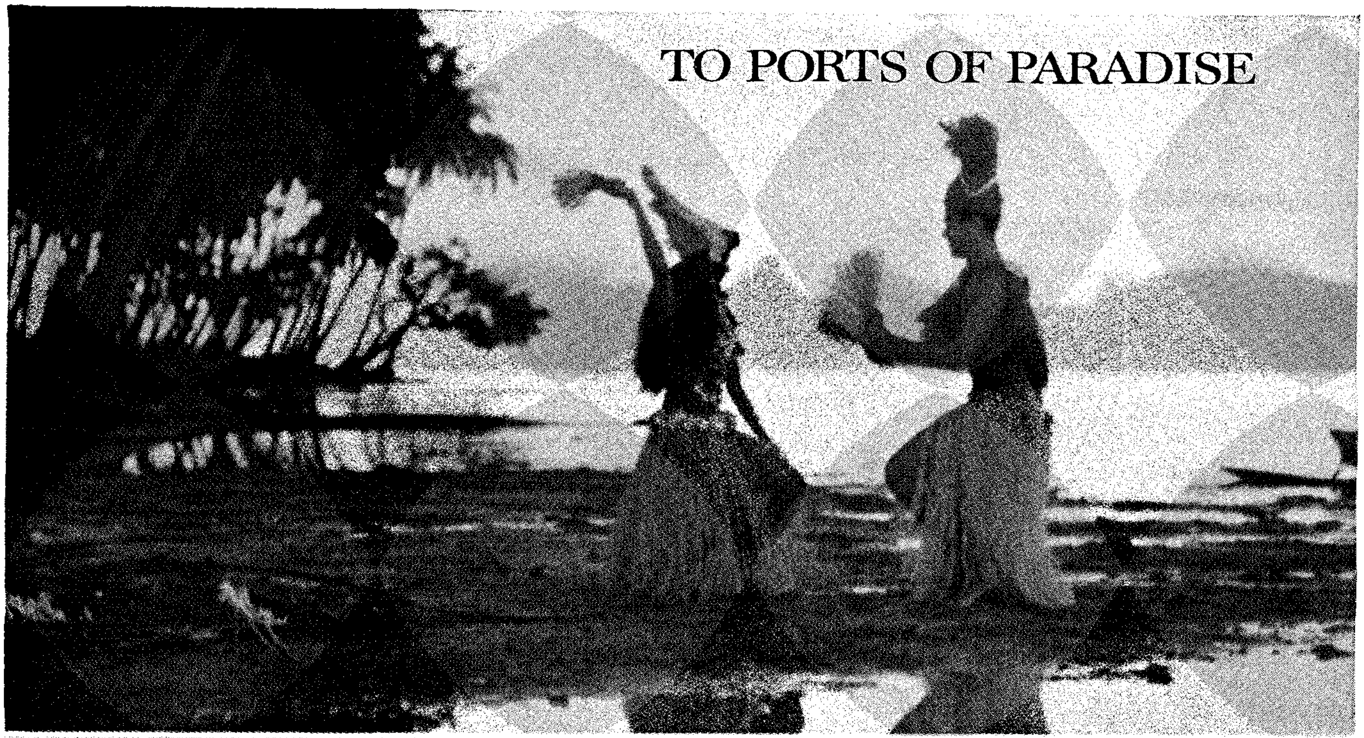

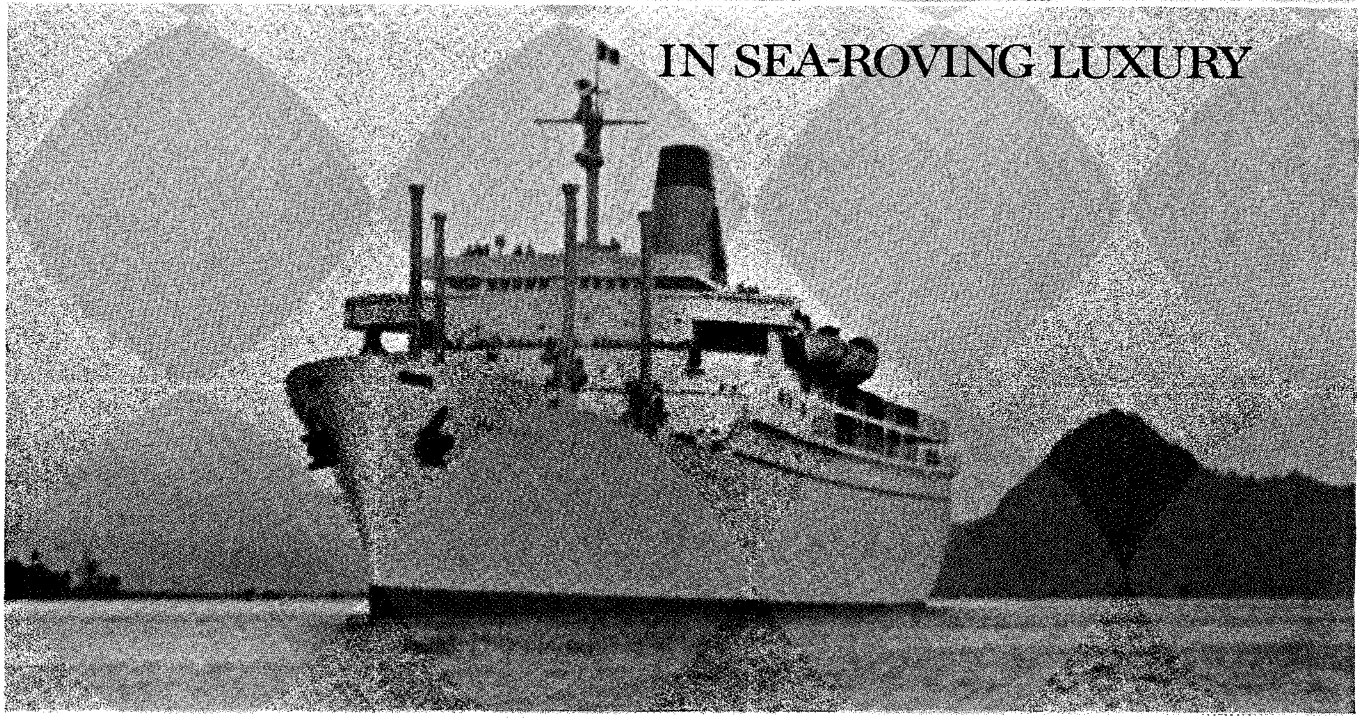

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merce are inconceivably great," wrote Lieutenant William Herndon in 1851, in the journal of his survey of the Amazon made for the U. S. Navy Department. "Its industrial future is the most dazzling; and to the touch of steam, settlement and cultivation, this rolling stream and its magnificent watershed would start up into a display of industrial results that would indicate the Valley of the Amazon as one of the most enchanting regions on the face of the earth." Herndon's optimism was shared by many who came after him, but the Amazon remains as sullen and intractable as it ever was; indeed, it is startling to find how exactly descriptions by Herndon and such contemporaries as the great naturalist H. W. Bates and the botanist Richard Spruce correspond with the appearance of the river and its inhabitants today. The mechanical apparatus of the few larger towns excepted, the traveller sees almost precisely what these people saw a century ago.

Man has literally done no more than scratch the surface of this enormous world, which recedes and approaches endlessly as the ship moves through it, and the scratches heal quickly in this wild climate without winter. Both the idea and the spectacle are moving—so moving that, believe it or not, only with difficulty can one suppress cries of pure excitement, it is so difficult to believe that a wilderness of these dimensions still exists, that despite our airplanes and machines, we cannot really enter it but only skirt its edges.

The trees, at noon, are still remote. There is only the high conglomerate mass of growth, and the debris in the silent river, and the sky. The jungle is glazed over, dead. In the early afternoon, at the mouth of an inlet several hundred yards away, a great fish—it must weigh a hundred pounds or more—hurls itself out of the water, flaps in the air like a hooked tarpon, and splashes down again, leaving a soft welt on the thick surface. And later, with the coming of the wind, the sun and the rain, both having hung back all day, arrive from separate quarters simultaneously. To avoid the main current, we enter a narrow side channel, and in the incredible light that follows the rain, we plunge recklessly into the jungle, our bow wave washing noisily into the stiff reeds on both sides as a small *biguá* cormorant flees back past us toward the open river. For the first time, I see the true anatomy of the forest—the great palms, the rubber trees, and the huge domed ceibas, or silk-cottons (from whose seed pods kapok is derived), soaring high out of the tangle of small hard-

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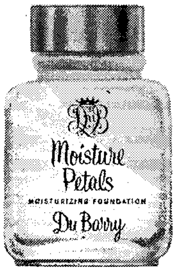

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woods and lianas. The foliage is luminous and alive, and birds flash everywhere—egrets, bright river swallows, a huge woodpecker, hawks silhouetted in the trees. Farther on, a scattering of clumsy fowl, burnished brown with white shoulder stripes and the pale tail feathers of grouse, squawk and thrash dismally among the tall reeds of the bank. At twilight, pairs of parrots hurry down the sky above the treetops, their flight trembling and swift. Then sudden darkness, and the jungle is a wall again, a black, misshapen form towering above us on both sides, as if the ship were passing down a canyon of the River Styx.

SUNDAY: This morning we are approaching the mouth of the Xingu River. Somewhere far off to the southward, toward the headwaters of the Xingu and the Tocantins, Colonel P. H. Fawcett, the most famous of South America's lost explorers, disappeared in 1925 while searching for vanished pre-Inca cities. In that last year, he wrote:

> The existence of the old cities I do not for a moment doubt. Unfortunately, I cannot induce scientific men to accept even the supposition that there are traces of an old civilization in Brazil. I have travelled much in places not familiar to other explorers, and the wild Indians have again and again told me of the buildings, the character of the people, and the strange things beyond.

Colonel Fawcett's explorations in the jungles of Bolivia and Brazil began in 1906, and his journals, covering the next nineteen years, make lurid reading; violent death, whether by murder, disease, drunkenness, Indians, or animals, is a commonplace on almost every page. Much of the carnage he describes had its source in evils brought by the rubber boom, which spread cruelty and greed throughout the jungles for most of a century, subsiding around 1912, when it was found that transplanted rubber trees could be grown more economically on East Indian plantations; then the industry that had built Manaus and Iquitos, and promised swift development of the Amazon, was reduced to the present local harvest of wild trees. Fawcett declares, no doubt correctly, that few of the Indian tribes were warlike before the white man enslaved, exploited, and murdered them for his own ends. For the most part, Fawcett's accounts are sensible and sympathetic, but while I am scarcely in a position to dispute his observations, not having lived with him in the jungle, I find a number of them startling, to put it mildly. His remarks on the anaconda

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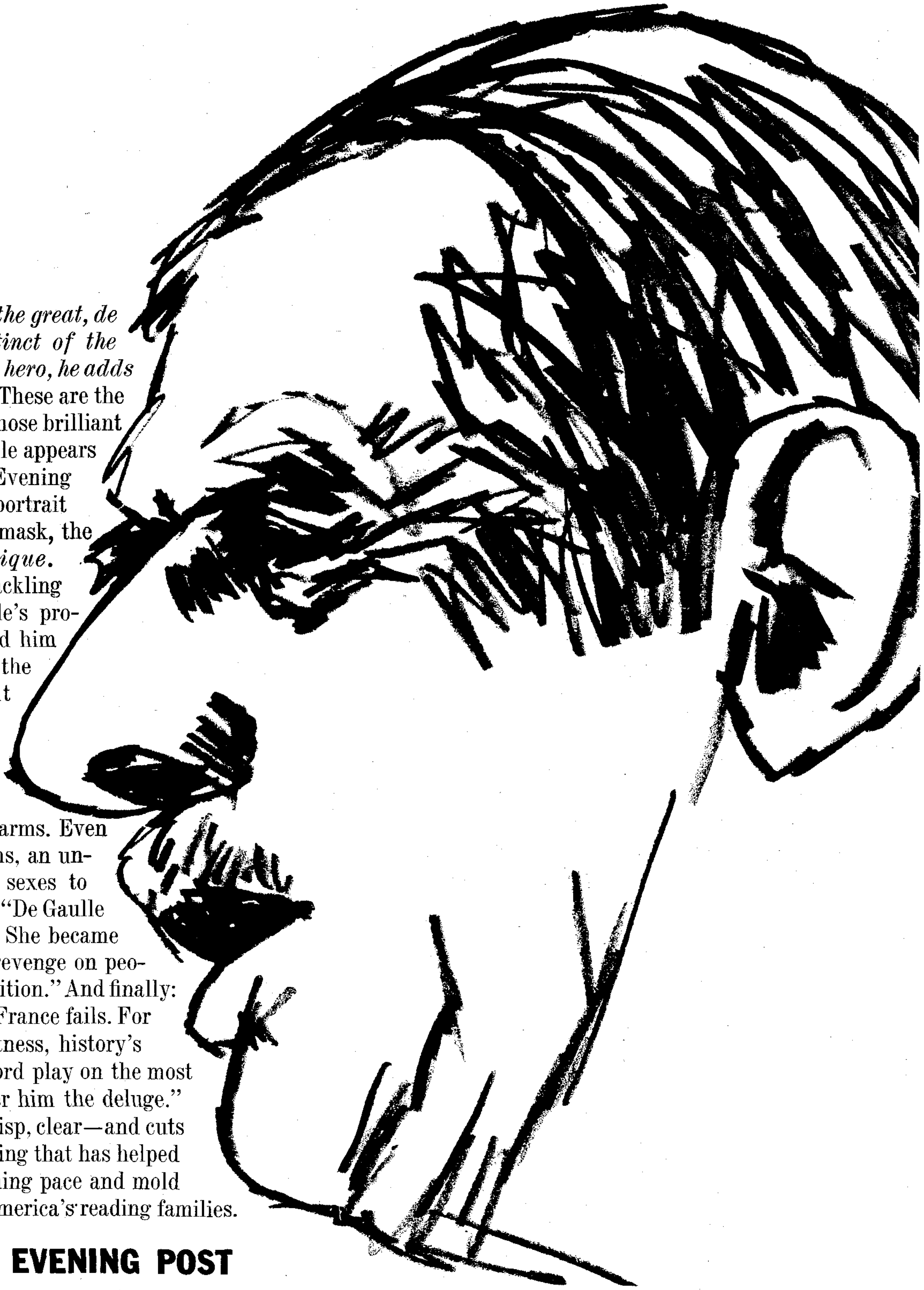
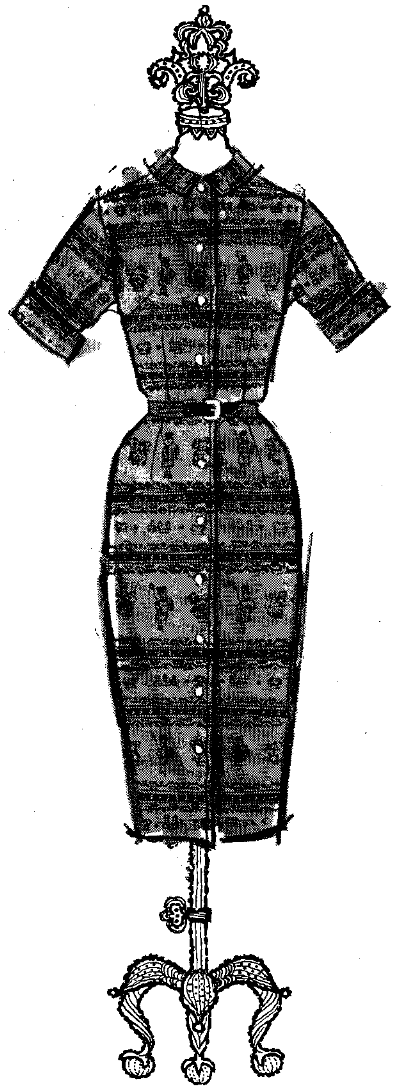


"With the features of the great, de Gaulle blends the instinct of the petty; to the head of the hero, he adds the heart of the rebel." These are the words of Joseph Kraft, whose brilliant study of Charles de Gaulle appears in this week's Saturday Evening Post. It is an intriguing portrait of the man behind the mask, the mind behind the *mystique.* Some of Mr. Kraft's crackling observations: "De Gaulle's professional colleagues liked him little. He was known as the Big Asparagus at Saint Cyr, and later 'as the most undisciplined officer in the Army.'" Again: "Women seem to have held for him no charms. Even now at Gaullist functions, an unspoken rule drives the sexes to opposite corners." Later: "De Gaulle took France as mistress. She became the love of his life, his revenge on people, the crown of his ambition." And finally: "If de Gaulle fails, then France fails. For all his undoubted greatness, history's verdict may still be a word play on the most baleful of epitaphs: after him the deluge." Here is writing that is crisp, clear—and cuts deeply. The kind of writing that has helped the Post set the quickening pace and mold the changing tastes of America's reading families.

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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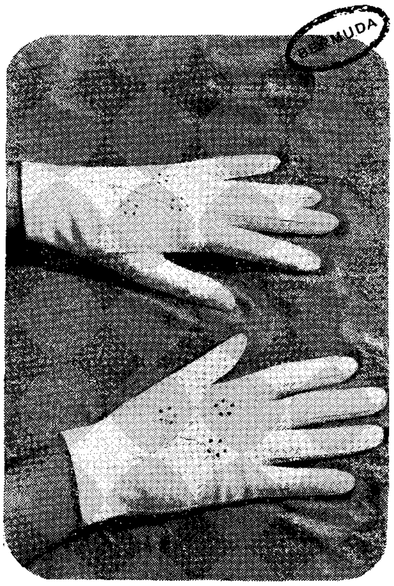
may be taken as a fair sample; he describes killing a specimen sixty-two feet long, and says of these snakes, among other things, that "their weird cries could be heard at night" (which, if true, would make them unique in the community of serpents), and that their breath is stupefying to their prey. (Doubtless the breath of a sixty-two-foot snake could be stupefying, but any creature close enough to smell it would already be, if not on the point of consumption, at least in serious peril.) Fawcett has disciples still, and I seem to attract them like flies, but since I am doing my best to remain hardheaded, I had better not report their stories here.

At Jariuta Point, the V. leaves the Pará Estuary and swirls into the main channel of the Amazon. Almost immediately, however, she enters the parallel Araiolos *furo*, or side channel, dodging behind islands to avoid the central current. An hour later, we stop to greet our vessel's sister ship, bound downriver; she takes our Brazilian pilots aboard, and we take her two Peruvians. As we proceed, we duck in and out of side channels and zigzag back and forth from bank to bank to avoid the current; we stay as close to shore as possible, and since the river is often fifty feet deep a few yards out, this can be very close indeed—so close at times that branches of the trees could be touched with a long pole. With binoculars, and often without, one can study the birds and trees in some detail. (On the downstream run, I am told, the ship stays in mid-river, and while the trip takes half the time, the river is so wide that the jungle is merely a shimmer of green.)

I have spotted a number of new birds this morning (I am keeping separate notes on them, with some vague hope of future identification), and have seen two more large fish finning. Probably these are *pirarucu*, one of the largest fresh-water fish in the world, which reach a weight of several hundred pounds. There is also the *piraiba* catfish, said to be capable of swallowing a man whole, although there are apparently no authenticated reports of its doing so. The mammals stay out of sight, save for the *inia*, or Geoffroy's dolphin, which is common along the banks. I spend most of my day on top of the bridge, a vantage point known as "monkey island," and this morning I am rewarded with the spectacle of three glorious swallow-tailed kites, which to my mind are the most striking of all land birds, and which are now nearing extinction in North America. Birds essentially identical with our



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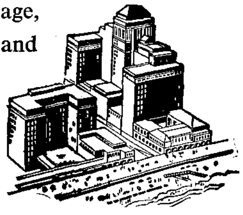

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black vulture—the ubiquitous *urubú*—and with our osprey and our common snowy egrets are also abundant on this part of the river. The profusion of species among the trees is even more dismaying than it is among the birds, most of which I can at least identify by family. The hopelessness, for anyone but a botanist, of attempts at plant identification resides simply in the fact that the flora of the Amazon basin is the most complex on earth; a majority of all the plant species known to man are to be found in this vast forest, and in an area a half mile square Louis Agassiz once identified a hundred and seventeen different woods.

MONDAY: At daylight, Santarém, one of the few towns along the thousand miles of river between Belém and Manaus, drifts past against the low hills to the south. Here is the mouth of the Tapajós, whose blue waters stop short at the brown Amazon as if they had struck a wall. Some distance up the Tapajós lies Fordlândia, the site of the Ford Motor Company's great abandoned rubber plantation, started during the Second World War, when Far Eastern rubber supplies were cut off, and one of the more notable failures among man's many attempts to conquer this region.

More and more, the country has become open savanna, green and sparkling in the light of the first really bright day since the V. entered the Amazon—a truly magnificent day. Three brilliant parrots whirl around the sunlit branches of a tall ceiba; white egrets are everywhere; and a quadrille of dusky skimmers lilts along across the river. The thick meadows along the shore are like outposts of the great grassy plain, the Campos Gerais, that lies off to the northward, beyond some two hundred and fifty miles of jungle; the plain extends two hundred miles farther north, to the Tumucumaque highlands on the border of the Guianas. One day there may be a cattle industry in those fifteen thousand square miles of grassland, lying like a huge unexplored island in this sea of trees.

Between Santarém and Obidos, a scant sixty-five miles upriver, man's presence is quite noticeable. The banks are higher here, and the thatched huts of the *caboclos* are larger, semi-permanent. Nevertheless, in the nearly three hundred years since Obidos was founded, the face of the river has changed little, and what change there has been is due largely to erosion. At Obidos, more than six hundred miles from the sea, there is still a one-foot tide. This place turns out

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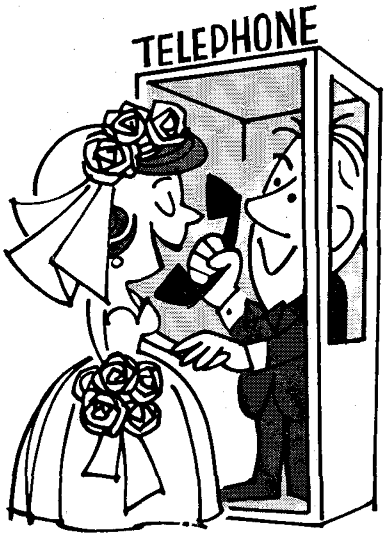

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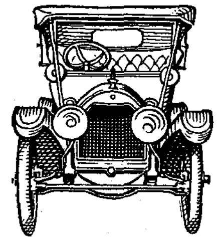
to be a pastel village, with Spanish red tile roofs that look painted onto its pink sandstone bank; the bank, in turn, seems inset in the jungle. A church with two towers stands above the town, and the towers sink slowly into the green as the ship moves westward.

TUESDAY: Since the river was first mapped by the French geographer La Condamine, in 1743, no aids to navigation have been installed beyond the Mandihoy Bank light. The landmarks, such as they are, of the twenty-three hundred miles between Belém and Iquitos are stored in the minds of our two river pilots, and under their occult guidance the ship steams full speed ahead all day and night, except in heavy rain or fog. Now and then we hear a resounding boom as a submerged log drives hard against the hull, but otherwise we proceed without incident. At noon, only the vultures and the river terns are still abroad; a turkey vulture, the first I have seen, crosses the glazed river on dihedral wings. Beside the bank, there is a small platform with washed clothes on it, and a *caboclo* woman in sombrero and pink calico stands there, up to her hips in the brown water, smiling at us.

WEDNESDAY: The Rio Negro is the Amazon's chief tributary, flowing down out of the wild sierras of Venezuela. As its name suggests, it is black; the line of demarcation at its confluence with the Amazon is so well defined that for a few moments the ship's stern is churning in turgid brown while the bow is slicing through depthless black; at our passing, only a few feathers of sediment curl out from the main body of the Amazon to hang suspended in the Negro.

We make our way eight miles up the Negro to dock at Manaus, the chief city of Amazonas. Here the difference between the river's rise in the rainy season and its fall in the dry season can exceed forty feet, and in consequence part of the city is literally afloat; many huts are built on rafts, some of them strung together in long chains or in clumps. There is also a unique floating quay, some distance from the bank; here we tie up. Cargo is unloaded at the quay (littered at the moment with great dark balls of crude rubber) and carried by cable car to the shore, where at this time of the year the permanent wharf stands thirty feet above the waterline. Though the rainy season is well along upriver, the water is just beginning to rise here. At Manaus, the Dutch missionaries' cabin cruiser is unloaded, and they debark.



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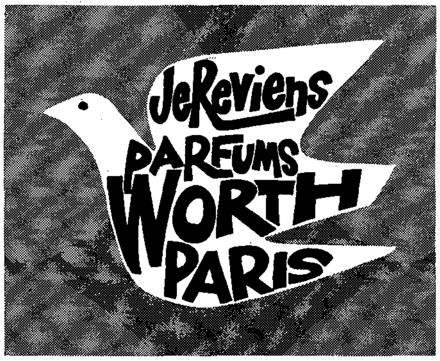
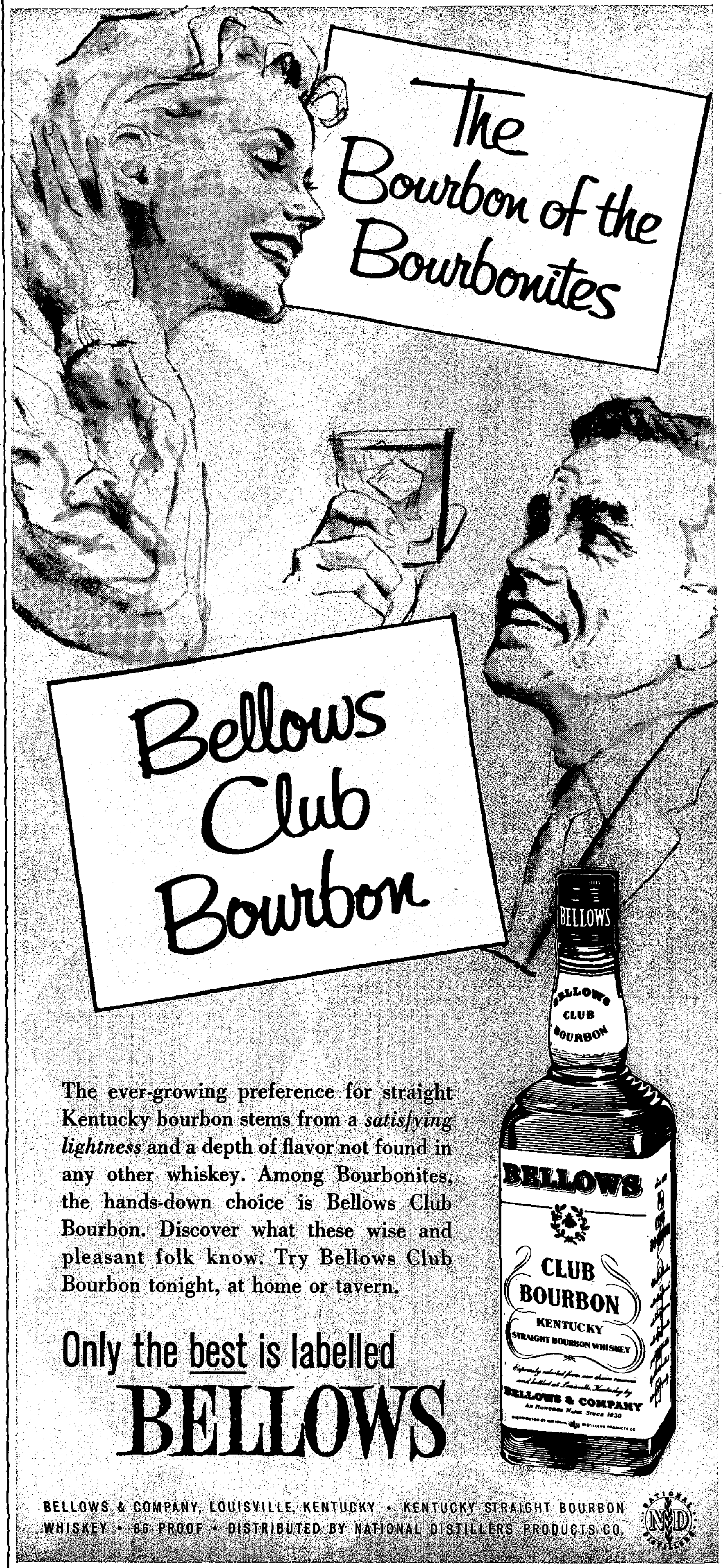


FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER
WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. B, 5 EAST 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

From the river, the opera house at the top of the city can be seen; *urubús* wheel and slide above its golden dome. It is said that in the eighteen-nineties this opera house, one of the largest in the world, offered the greatest singers of the time, but now it is decrepit, and green reclaimers of the jungle have attacked its cracks and cornices. Like the wide streets and handsome houses and the large cathedral, of an arresting robin's-egg blue, the opera house was a product of the rubber boom; it lies at the head of the main avenue, a vast monument to better days.

The ship passed the day and the evening at Manaus, and when I inquired about a local authority on wildlife, I was directed to the establishment of an affable German, Herr Schwartz, who deals in animals, birds, and decorative Amazonas fish, including that tiny, colorful pride of American tropical-fish fanciers, the neon tetra. There were two tame river otters underfoot in the house, and, somewhere on the premises, an escaped anaconda. Herr Schwartz was rather discouraging about the prospect of seeing much animal life along the Amazon. South American land mammals, he said, are for the most part small and timid, and man has driven them back from the banks of the river. As for the river fauna, the manatee, or sea cow, which is killed for food, is all but extinct except in the wildest areas; the large caymans are disappearing; the river otter has become so valuable (it brings as much as eighty dollars a skin) that the Indians pursue it everywhere, and Schwartz feels that its time on earth is short. The conservation laws in South America, as in nineteenth-century North America, would be inadequate even if there were some way of enforcing them, and meanwhile the same forces that were responsible for the slaughter of so much of our own wildlife a century ago are at work here now.

In the afternoon, wishing to set foot in that jungle I had been peering at for a week, I took a taxi out of town, accompanied by my one remaining fellow-passenger, the redoubtable Dutch spinster. Together, we struck off into the wilderness, which turned out to be, if not primeval, at least extremely interesting. In New England, one walks quite gradually into a wood, but not here. One steps through the wall of the tropic forest like Alice stepping through the looking glass—a few steps, and the wall closes behind one. The first impression is of the dark, soft atmosphere, an atmosphere that might be described as hanging; in the great tangle of leaves and fronds and boles it is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difficult to perceive any one plant as a unit, and there are only hanging shapes draped with lianas in the heavy air, as if they had lost contact with the earth. This feeling is increased by the character of the earth underfoot, which is quite unlike the thrifty northern woodland floor; here the tree boles erupt out of heaped-up masses of decay, as if the ground might be almost any distance beneath. The plants themselves are so tumultuous and strange that one sees them as a totality, a cumulative effect, scarcely noticing details. Among those I did sort out were a strange, evilly spined palm trunk; a crouching plant with gigantic fronds; a fantastic parasite, like a bundle of long red pipe cleaners studded with olive nuts, fastened here and there to the high branches; and the looming trunk of a silk-cotton, recognizable only when I was near enough to touch it, as it soared off through the leathery green canopy overhead.

"We often read, in books of travels," says the naturalist Bates, "of the silence and gloom of the Brazilian forests. They are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness." And it is true that the jungle seems strangely silent, even though the air is actually full of sound. The sounds are at first like sounds from another sphere of consciousness, from a dream, and then suddenly they burst singly on the ear: the tree frogs and cicadas, the shattering squawks of parrots (for a while, there were two discoursing overhead), and the eerie flutings of birds whose appearance can scarcely be guessed at. This afternoon, all these had to compete with the little squeaks and cries uttered by my companion, who, receiving no intimation of our own insignificance, did not have the proper respect for this sort of cathedral. (Assuming a rapt expression, I affected a sort of trance, not wholly false, and disregarded her, and after a time, infected by the atmosphere despite herself, she became silent.) The sounds were remote because there were no signs of their authors—only the immobile jungle, and occasionally a shadow flickering where the sunlight filtered through above. But a little later, when my eyes had cleared, I saw some of the humbler creatures I have always known: the subtle gray-and-brown wood butterflies, the black ants (though these were twice the size of any I've ever seen at home), and a miniature tree frog, cedar-colored. Then, in a clearing, the birds showed

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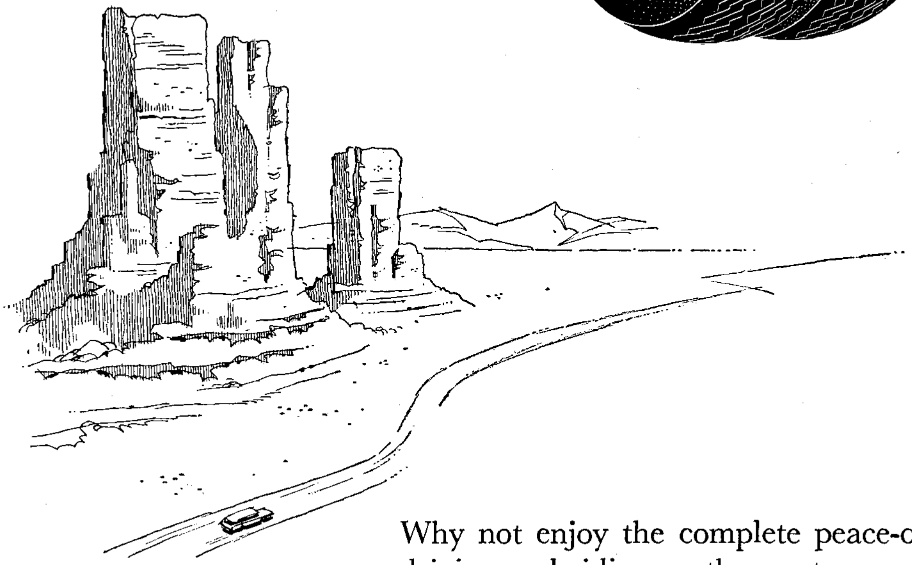

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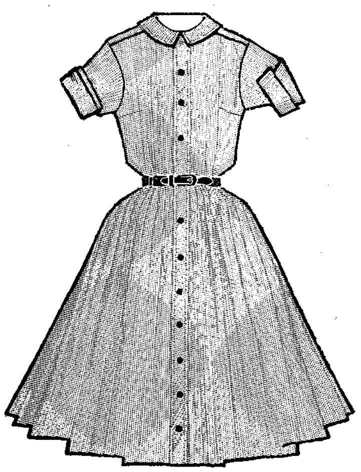

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themselves: bienteveo tyrants (a common South American species); flycatchers similar to our Western kingbird; a blue tanager; a clear-breasted thrush; and one of the blackbird tribe, a flashy black-and-yellow creature, ivory-billed, with an insolent tone of voice—the river oriole. Here and there was a butterfly of shocking colors, and in the dry brush were nondescript lizards. Now there came crashing to earth a sudden avalanche of tropical rain, and in a small stream I saw what looked like sunfish leaping and whirling. A water snake, its emerald-speckled throat distended by what must have been a still-live frog, swam clumsily away, disappearing into a black tunnel where the stream slipped into a mass of vegetation. At this moment, for the first time, the jungle came into focus for me. I could feel it, hear it, and smell it, all at once—could almost believe I was there.

THURSDAY: As we ascend the Amazon, the forest seems to increase in stature. The clearings are farther apart, too, and the few *caboclos* standing on the bank as we go by, and watching dispassionately as our backwash bangs their frail canoes together, look darker, more Indian. New birds continue to appear, including tropic kingfishers, one of them tiny and black, with a white nape. In the river, the floating debris is increasing, littering great areas of the surface. But it is the jungle that changes most. I see a number of trees I have not noticed before, one of them with a smooth purple-mahogany trunk; I'm told this is the purpleheart. The larger trees have aerial gardens of red-flowered epiphytes (bromelia) and strange silver cylinders (hornets' nests) hanging like Christmas ornaments, and everywhere, fastened leechlike to the trunks, are the dark masses of white ants' nests. The lowest branches of these trees must be fifty feet from the ground. In the evening light, its pale marble columns mysterious among the greens, the forest is truly beautiful; it is difficult to conceive of a lovelier forest in the world.

SUNDAY: Sometime tomorrow or the next day we shall reach Peru. There are many flowers along the riverbanks today—yellow ones, and small red and pink-purple ones on vines—and also a new yellow-flowered tree, quite large. One of the palms along here, called the *ubuçu*, has enormous fronds, like those of an outsize fern, which dance violently in the slightest air. Bromelia and other air plants and parasites are everywhere, some flowering

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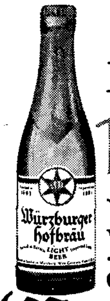

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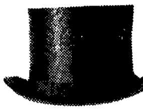

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and lovely, others grotesque; one tree has a row of spheres, like linked coconuts, hanging down its trunk. I think this is the cannon-ball tree, *couroupita.* Another tree, which I have not noticed until today, has gray bark with a greenish tint, very smooth, like the skin of some ancient dinosaur.

Strange eddies increase along the banks; the river has risen considerably. The water near the banks is clogged with snags and floating islands, and with spinning logs that sometimes, moving slowly upstream in the eddies, look deceptively like animals. Some of the dead trees, their roots caught in the bottom, yaw viciously in the current, and others sink completely for a time, to rise some distance away; the boom that shakes the ship when one of these is struck is now periodic. A heavy bird with the head of a fowl and the flight of a vulture is common on the banks and on the floating debris. This is the *camungo*, or screamer, a great black-and-gray relative of the goose; it has long spikes, or horns, on the shoulders of its wings.

This morning, a group of four or five red howler monkeys, rusty in the sunrise light, observed us from the top of a tall tree, and this afternoon I saw a sloth. This unprepossessing mammal, long-armed, with an earless face like a husked coconut, was apparently aroused from its usual torpor by the ship; it was climbing upward and inward toward the trunk of its tree at top speed—which is to say, about as fast as a very old fireman on a ladder. Its dingy coat was green-tinted with algae and lichens, which serve it as a kind of camouflage. By the time it had reached a crotch behind the trunk and had hunched down, making itself resemble some parasitic growth, the ship was already past.

MONDAY: For the second straight day, the river was shrouded in heavy fog during the night and the early morning, and morale on the ship is at a low ebb. All of us are drinking more, and the chief engineer confesses—not entirely without his usual considerable charm—that he is sorry for himself. Probably it would not be far-fetched to say that the climate, abetting fatigue and drink, has brought his age home to him in a very painful way; he is to retire after this trip, and although he is longing for his garden near Bristol, he is a man who loves life, or loved it once, and he sees in retirement some sort of admission of defeat. The third mate is also sorry for himself, and angry at the world. At the beginning of the trip, he was looking forward to Peru (I particularly remember his enthusiasm on one

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blue day at sea, south of Bermuda), but now he cries out his hatred of the river, "the stinking nye-tives," the trees, the humidity—it doesn't matter what. He is a good-looking boy in his early twenties, with a wife in England and a child he has never seen, but there is more violence than love in him, and a bitterness over the fact that his natural assets have brought him nothing but responsibility. He speaks longingly of a trip around the world in a sloop, away from everything and everybody.

We see a solitary red howler in the morning, perched disconsolately on a long limb, and, at evening, flights of green-and-white parakeets by the thousand, their electric screeching clearly audible above the engine, even at a distance. They bank and whirl among the trees in bands of four or five hundred, perpetually excited. There are also large black-and-yellow river orioles, and here and there the trees bear dozens of their hanging fibre nests, some of them three feet long.

TUESDAY: Last night, the V. arrived at the Brazilian frontier post of Benjamin Constant (called formerly Remate de Males, or "Culmination of Evils"), on the Javari River; the first sight of Peru was a light across the void of jungle darkness. We moved on to the Peruvian military post of Tapatinga, and then to the border village of Ramon Castillo; at one point, under flashes of slow lightning that illumined the horizon, the faceless corners of Brazil, Peru, and Colombia could be made out simultaneously. I arose from my berth to observe this minor marvel, but I can't really say I got much out of it.

This morning, Peru lies to port and Colombia to starboard. The Colombian foothold on the Amazon (between Manaus, Brazil, and Tapatinga, Peru, the river is called the Solimões, and within Peru the Marañón, but it is still "*el río mar*") is small, and the jungle here seems low and scrubby. Colombia is left behind in the middle of the morning, its only memorable sight a delicate pearl-gray hawk with a black-and-white barred tail, which circles out across the bow before sliding back over the trees.

WEDNESDAY: The weather remains overcast and sombre, and very cool for the equator—as low as 72 degrees at times. Without sun, the jungle assumes an oppressive, monotone aspect; even bird activity seems diminished. Tonight, forty days out of New York, the ship arrives at Iquitos, and though

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she has been comfortable and pleasant, I can't say I'll be sorry to leave her. But I shall miss my friends; the chief came to my cabin this morning and gave me his address, asking me to visit him, and I certainly hope I shall.

SATURDAY: The town of Iquitos lies some twenty-three hundred miles upriver, and less than three hundred feet above sea level. It has, although to a lesser extent than Manaus, a boom-and-bust aspect recalling better times; its few large houses seem incongruous on the dirt side streets. Nevertheless, the town, overlooking a wide curve in the river, remains Peru's chief port on the Amazon.

The ship's officers and I have celebrated our arrival in Peru on each of the past three nights. Friday was a holiday, and the evening was spent mostly at the house of four very young and gay Peruvian sisters, friends of my friends on the ship. (Some of them also have informal Indian "wives," and one was presented upon his arrival with a baby girl, alleged to be the fruit of his last voyage; he played the proud father with good grace until Sparks suggested that he hadn't taken the trouble to use his arithmetic.) The four ecstatic sisters, with their mother, their aunts, their baby brothers and sisters, and a puppy that, to the naked eye, was perfectly round, welcomed four or five of us with beer and wine, firecrackers, a chicken-and-rice dish, dancing, and a great amount of innocent hospitality. I shall remember them warmly for a long time.

Like the other river towns, Iquitos has its share of wanderers, including Herr D., an ambiguous German guide whose history—some of it conflicting, and all of it enthusiastically propagated by himself—includes a period spent in North Africa as a driver for General Rommel. On the subject of wildlife and Indians, Herr D. seems fairly dependable; he confirms the virtual disappearance of the manatee and the river otter, and the fact that the caymans are shot on sight for their hides. The shops in Iquitos are jammed with stuffed crocodilians, which, understandably, do not sell well as items of interior decoration; nevertheless, the creatures continue to be slaughtered. One sees another aspect of the North American pattern: the Indians, for a tiny gain, hasten the decline of the natural resources they depend on. Some of the waste, it must be said, is of their own devising. By grinding up the poisonous barbasco plant in the bottom of dugout canoes and overturning them in lakes or streams, they destroy many more fish

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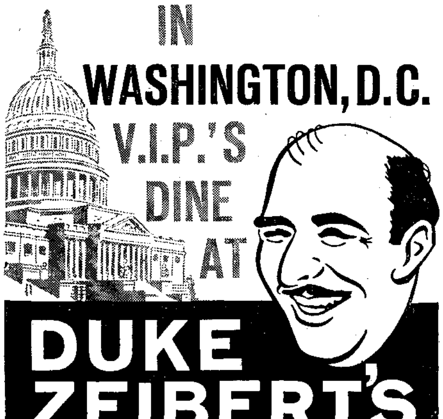

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than they can use. The barbasco—source of rotenone, which is used in insecticides—litters the surface with dead and dying creatures. This practice is against the law, but, as usual, the law is all but unenforceable.

Herr D., among others, deprecates the legends of Indian ferocity. Celebrated killings in recent years by the Jivaro tribes of the upper Marañón and by the Aucas of the Ecuadorian border, north of here on the Napo River, were, he insisted, provoked in one case by the rape of an Indian woman and in the other by total and foolish neglect of Indian customs. Herr D. claims to have spent six weeks with the Aucas prior to their massacre, a few years ago, of five American missionaries. The Aucas, he says, are a very gentle people when they do not feel that their rights are being infringed. The one dangerous tribe left in Peru is the Mayorunas, who live a short distance southeast of Iquitos, on the Brazilian border.

Yesterday, a Captain C., representing an oil-exploration company in the area, was kind enough to take me and some young Germans (Germans are mentioned frequently in this account because they are met with frequently in South America) up the Nanay and Murumu Rivers. These are black, clear streams, and although the wildlife seen was inconsiderable—some large, blue-tinged specimens of the ani (a black, yellow-billed relative of the cuckoo), some river orioles and egrets, a swallow-tailed kite, a black swallow that I hadn't seen before, and a strange community of small bats, clinging to a swaying stick out in the open water of the Murumu—I was glad of the chance to get a close look at some of the flowers and butterflies, especially, among the latter, the great sky-blue Morpho; there were numbers of these, some pure blue and some with black borders on their eight-inch wings, bouncing along in their curious, toylike flight.

On our return, we paused at the hut of a *caboclo*, whose children pulled from the trees for us odd white guava and unpleasant-tasting *calomito* fruits, as well as the red seeds of what looks like a sort of chestnut but is not, and from which the Indians derive a stain. Captain C., incidentally, swears by the efficacy of Indian medicines, which he claims have cured him of drastic fevers. It is true that a number of Indian medicinal plants are now in widespread use. *Oche*, one of the poisons used by the Jivaros on their arrows, is, I am told, an ingredient of some tranquillizer pills used in the United States.

This morning, I paid a visit to the

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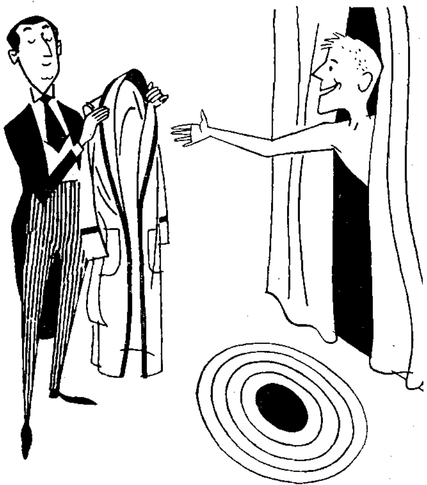

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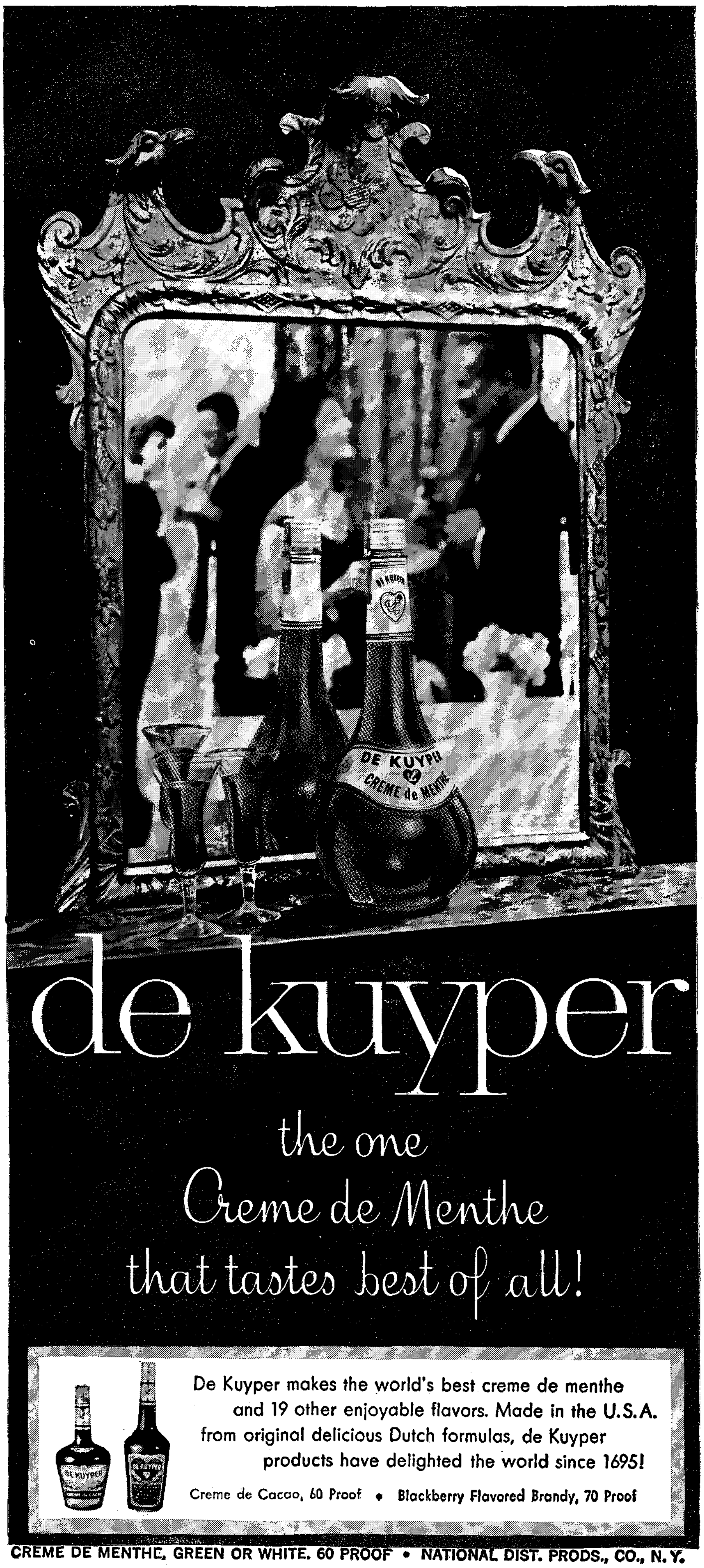
Iquitos aquarium and natural-history museum. In the aquarium, I had a good look at the nervous, small, red-throated piranha, and the great *pirarucu*—or *paiche*, as it is called in Peru (most Amazon creatures have both Portuguese and Spanish names, which can be confusing)—and at the giant river turtles and the dreadful-looking but harmless matamata turtle, with its ragged, camouflaged head.

SUNDAY: I planned to leave Iquitos by river boat for Pucallpa, which lies six hundred miles farther upstream on the Ucayali, but the next boat does not leave for nearly a week. I decide this morning to fly out with the Peruvian military-air-transport service. From the plane, the day is bright, but little puffs of mist hang over the jungle, which is so dense that the ground is nowhere visible. The upper Marañón curves off toward the west, toward the mountains, into the country of the Jivaros, the Huambisas, the Aguarunas, and the Achuales. We pass over bright, alga-covered sloughs of sulphurous green, and strange lakes with sharp corners, and lakes shaped like boomerangs (there are an unaccountable number of these), some muddy and some, nearby, jet black, and move southward along the Ucayali, which, with the Marañón, is a main tributary of the upper Amazon. The muddy Ucayali spills over its banks; in its bends lie islands sculptured into streamlined forms. Beneath us appears the settlement of Requena, with rusty roofs of corrugated iron; inland from Requena are the territories of the dangerous Mayorunas. The jungle is cut by dark, serpentine creeks, with no signs of life along their banks, and now we are over a vast swamp, with patches of black water and low cloud; at this height the country can scarcely be distinguished from the coastal swamps of our eastern seaboard, of Newfoundland, or even of the Yukon delta. But soon there is another change—to a forest of palms, which presents a mirage effect, as if the palms stood suspended above the river water that has flooded them. We pass through a sudden storm, and a short time later, with superb Latin abandon, the plane careers downward through dense clouds, breaking through just above the treetops, and settles heavily onto the mud runway of Pucallpa.

THURSDAY: The town of Pucallpa is the terminus of a recently built road across the Andes connecting Lima and the other ocean ports with the Ucayali and the Amazon. In former



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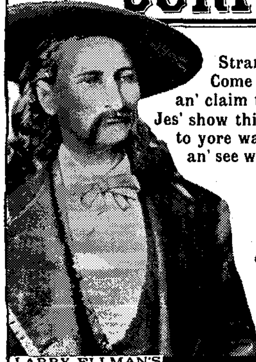

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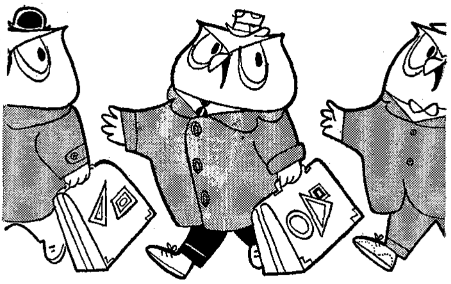
times, Peru had only two ways of getting its jungle products to the coast—carrying them up over the high mountains by Indian porter or on muleback, or shipping them nearly three thousand miles down the Amazon, around northeastern South America, through the Panama Canal, and south again to Callao. Even now, except for the small amounts that can be taken out by plane, it has only these two routes in the rainy season, for the last section of the road, from Tingo María to Pucallpa, has never been surfaced, and becomes all but impassable when wet. The money set aside for surfacing it vanished long ago, in the graceful and mysterious manner characteristic of these countries, but eventually the *carretera* may be completed, and when this happens, Pucallpa will become an important city, and may well replace Iquitos as the capital of the jungle. At the moment, however, it is a frontier town, ramshackle and muddy, without a paved street to its name, and made up mostly of thatched dwellings. For this very reason, Pucallpa is more interesting than Manaus or Iquitos, which might be small towns anywhere. The jungle is very close by, and Indians are to be seen in the streets—flat-headed, barefoot Shipibo women, for the most part, with nose ornaments hanging over their upper lips. They wear embroidered skirts and shawls, and have thongs tied around their ankles, and their hair is cut in a straight line across their foreheads and falls straight down their backs. The nearest Indian village is about fifteen miles away, at the far end of a large lake called Yarina Cocha. At the near end of the lake is the Peruvian base of the so-called *lingüísticos*, a group of religious men and women, mostly from the United States, who specialize in the translation of the Bible into Indian tongues. There are some three dozen distinct tribal languages in the Peruvian rain forest alone, and the *lingüísticos* have people working with thirty of the tribes—all but the Mayorunas, who are notably inhospitable, and a few others, which are known to exist but whose settlements have not yet been located.

I obtained this information, and a good deal more, from Mr. Jack Henderson, the acting director of the Summer Institute of Linguistics, to give the organization its official name, after I had made an erratic journey to Yarina Cocha by bus and on foot. Henderson confirmed two stories I had heard downriver: first, that missionary work throughout the rain forest has recently been ham-



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pered by the natives' conviction, acquired from their medicine men, that Indian flesh and its oil are used as fuel for the white man's airplanes; and, second, that one of the *lingüísticos*, a girl, was attacked by an anaconda. Apparently, the girl was sitting in a canoe on the riverbank in front of a Shapras village, awaiting her travelling companion, a trained nurse, when the river boa rose behind her and seized her elbow in its teeth. She was able to fight free of it and reach the bank, but not before being bitten severely on the arm and the side; the incident was witnessed by the nurse and by the Indians themselves, and the victim still has the scars to prove it. Henderson recommended that I see a missionary in a nearby village for further information about the wildlife, and after a fine lunch, served by Mrs. Henderson, I walked down the jungle road in search of this man. Doves and songbirds were everywhere, including a black finch with a breast of luminous dark red; there were also two kites, which are common around Pucallpa.

The missionary, Mr. Joseph Hocking, told me he had come to his calling indirectly, having formerly been an expert on snake venoms and antivenins for the pharmaceutical firm of Sharp & Dohme; he is an enthusiastic amateur naturalist, and still corresponds with museums and zoologists in the United States. A bald, cheerful man who has an attractive wife and children, he told me that his specialty is helping the local people to improve their agricultural practices. He operates an experimental fruit farm (he fed me several fine mangoes) and raises the only prosperous chickens I have seen to date in South America; they thrive on a nutrient meal of his own invention, consisting of ground-up caymans. Formerly, he said, large caymans were so common around Yarina Cocha that at times the airplanes of the *lingüísticos* had difficulty finding a clear path for landing. The big animals are rare now—in part, he admits, because of the chicken-feed industry he himself has set up. According to Hocking, caymans will attack human beings, but usually only when cornered, by accident or intent, in a slough or narrow place. Snakes and snake bite, in his experience, are a much exaggerated danger, though the bite of the bushmaster, called by Fawcett "that double-fanged abomination," is almost invariably fatal in a matter of minutes. (The bushmaster often attains a length of twelve feet—enormous for a pit viper—and the quantity of its venom is so great that even if there should be plenty of

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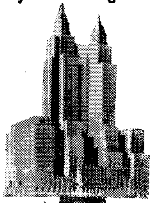

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serum at hand, a sufficient amount could not be transmitted to the victim in time to save his life.) But the bushmaster is nocturnal in its habits, as is the more common fer-de-lance; both of these species, along with the many other varieties of venomous snake, usually succeed in keeping out of man's way. Hocking supports the generally accepted theory about that small but notorious destroyer, the piranha—that it will not attack unless blood is in the water. The piranha is common in Yarina Cocha, but children swim there freely nonetheless. The Hocking children keep a pet tapir, a matamata turtle, and a small boa constrictor in their lively and cheerful establishment. As for Hocking, he is extremely well liked and respected throughout this region.

Hocking's remarks on the cayman, the piranha, and the poisonous snakes tend to bear out the results of my own unscientific survey of the dangerous fauna of Amazonas. In answer to the question "What do you think is the most dangerous creature in Amazonas?" the name that came up most often was that of the *surucucú* (Brazil), or *shushupe* (Peru)—the bushmaster. Next came the *jergón* (Peru) or *jararaca* (Brazil)—the fer-de-lance. And this was true despite the fact that, according to many people, it is possible to walk through the jungle for days at a time without seeing a snake of any description. This leads one to suspect that the two largest of the venomous snakes are less prevalent than awe-inspiring. (Apropos of this, Hocking told me a terrible story, which he believed to be true. Not long ago, in Brazil, two men played a joke on a sleeping friend by hitting him on the arm with a stick bearing two thorns mounted to resemble fangs, and placing a live bushmaster on the floor. Awakening to see the bushmaster and the two spots of blood, the man was convinced that his doom was sealed, and dismissed his friends' frantic reassurances. Within fifteen minutes he had died of shock.) Few jungle veterans have ever seen an anaconda large enough to do them damage (to Fawcett this would perhaps indicate that few have ever done so and lived to tell the tale); the giant specimens (thirty feet is generally regarded as very big indeed) usually live in ponds or swamps away from the travelled rivers. To confuse me somewhat, a last, imposing source of information, the well-known jungle hand and hotelier of Pucallpa, my host Señor Fausto López of the Gran Hotel Mercedes, has described to me this very day an ana-

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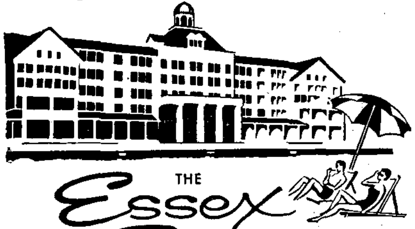

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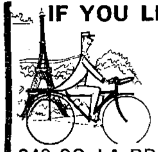

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conda that he saw killed by Indians during a journey he made by balsa, or raft, down the upper Marañón from Tingo María to Iquitos; this animal, which the Indians assured him was old and harmless, measured thirty metres, or more than ninety feet, in length.

The jaguar has some kills to its credit, but these are extremely sporadic, at least in Amazonas; the evidence suggests that *el tigre*, like the other great cats of the world, is chiefly dangerous when wounded, or when it has grown so old and decrepit that human beings are the best it can manage in the way of food. The electric eel, the tarantula, the scorpion, the vampire bat, and other creatures can all be deadly under special circumstances. A missionary from near Atalaya has never known of a fatal case of snake bite, but has lost a young Indian to a scorpion. In the end, the creatures most disliked turned out to be the biting insects and that obnoxious spiny fish, the candiru. These are not lethal, and the conclusion one must come to—not without a certain loss of romantic illusions—is that a human death caused by any one of the dread denizens of the jungle is so rare as to be newsworthy throughout all of Amazonas.

Here at Pucallpa, the jungle is visible from my hotel window; it lies but a short distance away, on the far side of the Ucayali. Tomlinson's Englishman of Belém never seemed more indisputably right: it seems to wait. But in Pucallpa, where tourists are a novelty, a man who says he wishes to go into the jungle simply to look at it is not taken seriously. A man who is supposed to rent boats for such trips never seems to be around, and the assurances of my new friends—one makes friends quickly in Spanish countries, and loses them just as quickly—that something can be arranged never seem to come to flower. Now and then, in a desperate attempt to pierce the jungle, I journey out of town on the tiny bus, or on a truck. Miles later, I get off and unlimber all my optical accoutrements, but, once in the forest, I am really more an object of curiosity to the wild creatures than an observer, for the jungle I glimpsed along the river is never really there; that jungle of giant trees and mystery stays always in the distance. The humidity defeats me after a while, and I hobble back to town, in my explorer's boots, for a siesta. My skin, which was dark brown three weeks ago, appears to have turned yellow. At night, large frogs appear in the deep rain ruts of the street and fill the darkness with a sound like Chinese blocks, and a bat whirls up and down the upstairs corridor of the Hotel Mercedes. Early in the morning, men dead-drunk on sugar-cane alcohol, called *cachasa*, reel past, talking to the pigs, and another man, not drunk at all, plays a guitar as he goes along, and sings, in a clear voice, a sad, repetitious chant of Peru.

On this, my last day in Pucallpa, out in the street, a stricken pig, diseased or mad, lurches into a ditch and topples over. A few children gather to contemplate its final moments. An Indian in an extraordinary costume of feathers and red silk, with high sneakers, hurries through the cantina on an unknown errand, arousing a brief murmur like a swirl of flies.

Having aroused a brief murmur myself, I am seen off at the airport by my Pucallpa friends. The plane follows the narrowing Rio Pachitea westward into the foothills, slides briefly into the village of Tournavista, then climbs toward the mountains. Below the wing, a bird slips past, buff-colored, with black primaries—the king vulture. This is the last creature of the jungle, for now the heavy rain clouds sink, the forest wavers in the swirling mist and disappears, an evil limbo, and the plane surges up into the sun. Across the rolling waves of clouds up ahead stands the great snowy cordillera of the Andes. Frost forms on the window glass, and behind it forms a world blue and clear and cold, and a sun so bright, and so violently unlike the shrouded sun of Amazonas, that it is like coming up out of the darkness.

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

• •

9:00-9:30 (13) Briefing Session. "Federal Aid To Education." Co-hosts Edward P. Morgan and John MacVane discuss the subject at hand with Congressman John Brademas, Democrat from Indiana and a member of the House Education and Labor Committee, and John R. Miles, manager of the Education Department of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, gets caught up in a conflict between an outlaw and his innately good brother. Naturally, the selfish killer is trying to con the brother into joining up with him, and Johnny knows his own life depends on the boy's decision.—*White Plains Reporter-Dispatch.*

Which Johnny? Johnny MacVane, Johnny Brademas, or Johnny Miles?

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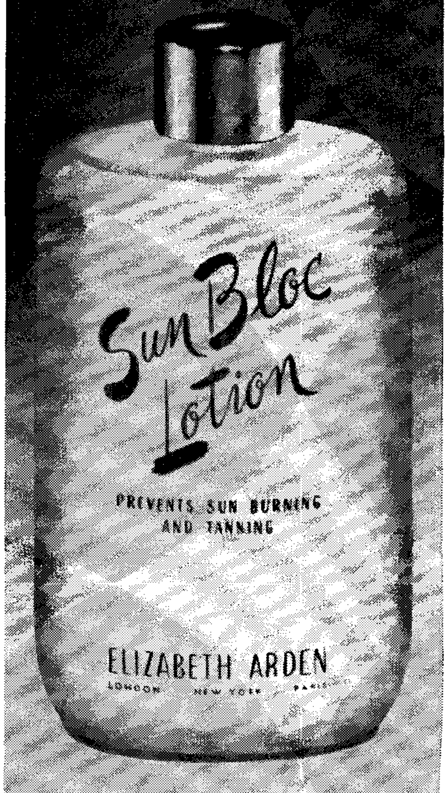

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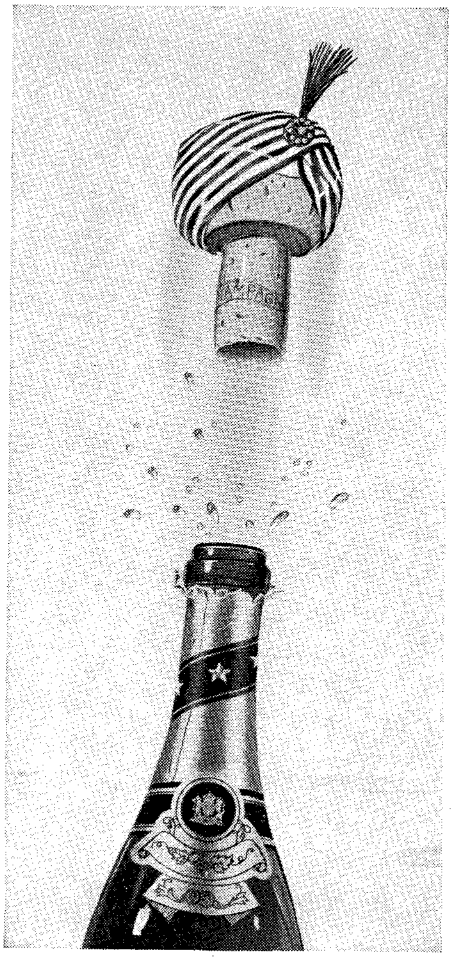

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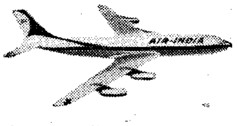

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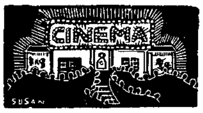
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Truth and Inconsequence

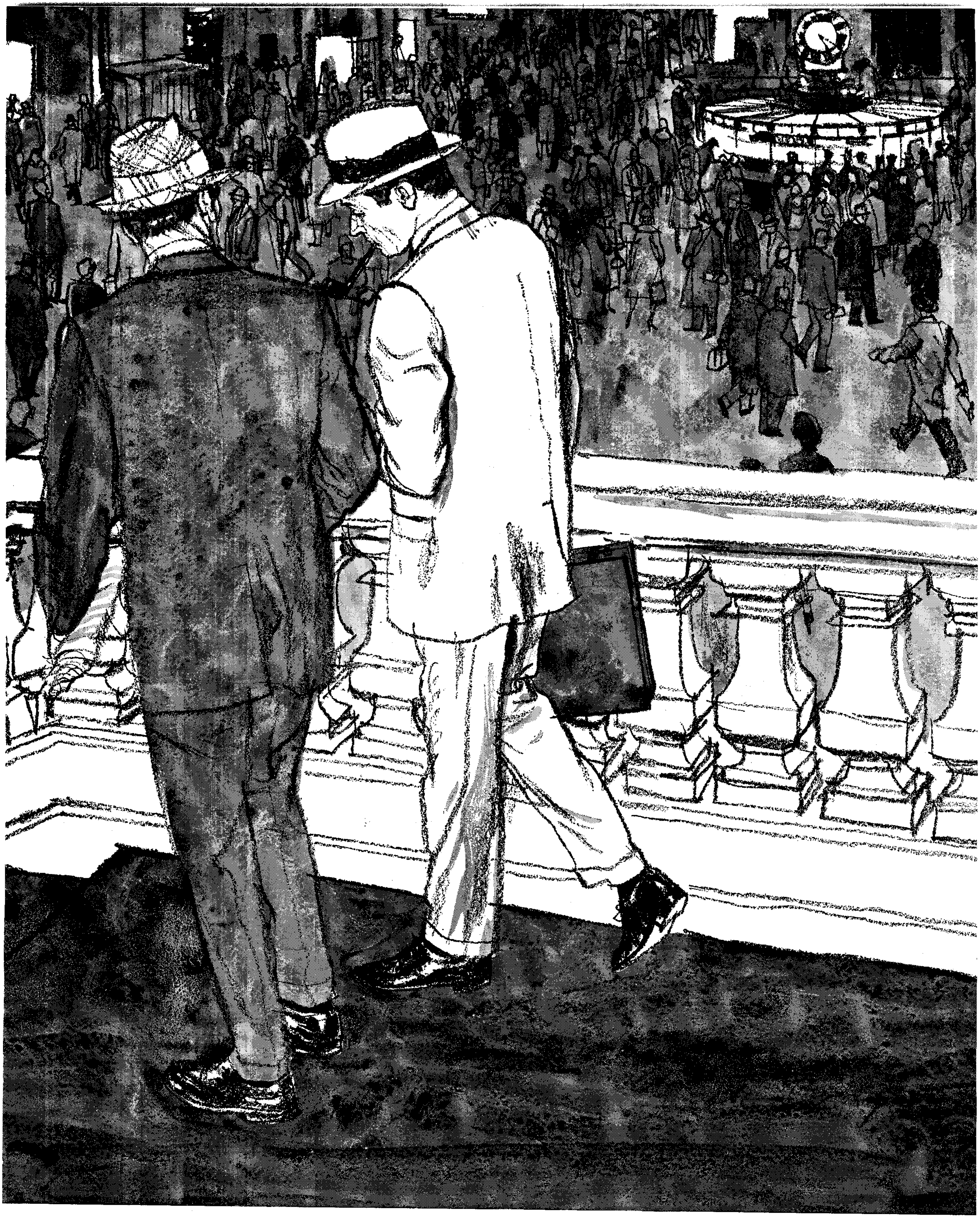
DEAR, beautiful B.B., I take it back. Only a few months ago, on the strength of your performance in a silly film called "Come Dance with Me," I was begging you not to learn to act. One kind of perfection, I argued, was enough for any mortal. Speaking in behalf of untold millions of my fellows, I assured you that your role as the epitome of the infinitely desirable woman would give us all the cinematic pleasure we needed, or perhaps could stand. It wasn't a role to despise simply because it was so easy for you. I feared that if you tried to become an actress you would be merely another woman with a career, capable of failing yourself and us and therefore no longer useful to us as a fantasy. Many a luscious girl before you has chosen the primrose path of hard work and diligent self-improvement, but you, dear B.B., said I, must stick to the straight and narrow path of a superbly untaught and unteachable Eve.



Well, I was wrong, for in your new picture, "The Truth," it turns out that you are not only more beautiful and desirable than ever but as teachable as they come. You act your head off from start to finish, and do so with scarcely a sign of strain—never an unintended wrinkle of doubt on that adorable brow or the slightest hint of slump to those creamy shoulders. The success of "The Truth" is your success, and I offer you my compliments. Please do not think it diminishes my praise of your teachableness if I now proceed to praise your teacher, Henri-Georges Clouzot, who directed "The Truth." Famous for his "The Wages of Fear" and "Diabolique," Clouzot is one of the several authors of "The Truth," which in form is a conventional courtroom drama. An envious, lazy, hot-tempered, ignorant, lascivious, and despairing child of eighteen is on trial for having shot and killed her lover—an apparently wanton act by a creature that has hardly any use for speech but seeks, though without a thought of earning them, shelter, warmth, food, love, and amusement. In a series of cunningly dovetailed flashbacks, Clouzot leads us through the crucial episodes in the life of this delinquent, and so convincing is he that at the climactic moment of murder the deed strikes us as not only unavoidable but curiously fitting. Her doom is the first thing she has ever honestly earned; it has overtones of victory. Another climax is to come, the child having a second dreadful deed to perform before Clouzot ends his long story and, in effect, places a question mark after his title. Clouzot asks Pilate's question, but not in jest and certainly not in hope of hearing a conclusive answer. Rather, he wishes to make sure that we continue to speculate on this difficult and somewhat old-fashioned-sounding subject. In this wish he is mightily helped by the vivid, sordid, and often electrifying details of contemporary Parisian life that he supplies, and by a marvellous cast, which includes Charles Vanel, Paul Meurisse, Sami Frey, Marie-José Nat, and Louis Seigner. Clouzot himself makes a brief introductory appearance in order to give us a word or two about French judicial procedures, and what an actor *he* is!

IT happens that "Fanny," like "The Truth," is laid in France and that its cast is largely French, but in scale, mood, and execution it is as American as blueberry pie or Josh Logan, who, in fact, directed and produced it. Taken from the musical comedy of the same name, but with Harold Rome's music retired to the background, the picture remains to an uncanny degree a musical. Nobody sings a note, but you have the impression that everyone is just about to, and you know perfectly well that no matter how dark things may look from time to time they will brighten to a high shine in the end. "Fanny" is hokum, but I salute it with admiration as the best possible hokum. Nobody is cleverer than Mr. Logan at making sentimental blather yield a certain charm, and the screenplay, by Julius Epstein, is a model of its kind; like fine glass, it gives us all the more satisfaction for being so readily seen through. Leslie Caron and Horst Buchholz play the troubled young lovers, but it is those fantastic old stagers Charles Boyer and Maurice Chevalier who steal the show. I am ashamed to say it, but in tribute to M. Chevalier I must: in what is surely the most ridiculous deathbed scene ever filmed, Chevalier, playing the dying man, caused me to choke up. A rollicking picture about illicit love, bastardy, and avarice, "Fanny" is ideal for children. I've no doubt it will still be playing at the Music Hall when the first snow flies.

—Brendan Gill



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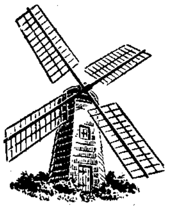

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WAS ESCOFFIER A FALSE ISOLATE?

OR, MY COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHEF

AUGUSTE ESCOFFIER, the greatest chef of his day—like Freud, a living legend—died in 1935, aged eighty-eight, at his villa in Monte Carlo. Had not Gambetta, MacMahon, and the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) been constant visitors to Le Petit Moulin Rouge, in Paris, in the eighteen-seventies, when, still in his twenties, he was this cynosure's *chef de cuisine*? Had he not later, as right arm of the great César Ritz himself, presided over the Ritz-managed hotel kitchens of the Grand Hotel, in Monte Carlo, where his customers included the Prince, Coquelin, D'Oyly Carte, and the de Reszkes; over those of the Savoy, in London, whose dining-room regulars numbered Lily Langtry, the Prince, the Duke of Orléans, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, and the Rothschilds; over those of the Paris Ritz, where he ministered to the discriminating wants and won'ts (won't eat baked beans) of Proust, Anthony J. Drexel, James Gordon Bennett, the Aga Khan, and the Rothschilds; and (upon Ritz's quitting the Savoy for new British pastures) over the Carlton, whither he was followed by the Jersey Lily (now Lady de Bathe), the Prince (still the Prince, for the nonce), Sarah Bernhardt, and the Rothschilds? Had not the Divine Sarah (herself) insisted that he break bread (or, possibly, brioches) with her in her private apartments in the Savoy and the Carlton? Had not the President of France, *in propria persona* and in 1919, pressed upon him the ribbon of Légion d'Honneur membership, and had this not been succeeded, nine years later, by the rosette of this order—making him the first chef in Christendom to become an *officier* of the Légion? Had not the directors of the Carlton, when, at seventy-three, he retired from their service to his villa on the Côte d'Azur, prevailed upon him to accept a life pension—and this at a time when such an attention was, in the words of Escoffier's biographer, Eugène Herbodeau, "an exceptional event in the annals of the hotel industry"?

Yes, they had, he had, she had, he had, it had, and they had.

And, now that he is no longer with us, has not this eminent man been immortalized not only by a biography but by a large bronze medallion, adorned with his profile in bas-relief and the inscription "An acknowledged master and teacher of the art of cookery, the originator of modern restauration," which hangs in the Escoffier Room of the Westminster Technical College, England's premier school of professional cookery; by an international organization of chefs—Les Amis d'Escoffier—captained by M. Joseph Donon, now retired to *his* villa in Newport; by a marble tomb and statue in Villeneuve-Loubet, his birthplace; and by a sauce, named after him, that you can buy at any decent delicatessen? Was this not to suffice? It was not. I have before me a four-page communication on a letterhead reading "The Escoffiers Inc., 660 Madison Avenue," signed "Henry Palmer Willson, Membership Secretary," that begins:

> DEAR CHARTER SELECTEE:
>
> Auguste Escoffier was famous as one of the world's great chefs. He was also a connoisseur of wines, a devotee of great music, of the theater. . . . He died in 1935 (age 90) [*sic*] when the good life he preached was available only to the few with the money and leisure to enjoy the esoteric pleasures of good living. How he would have loved the 60's when for the first time in world history millions are able to *afford* those pleasures, those adventures in good living—but so few *know how to go about it.*
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This document is accompanied by a charter-membership application, addressed to the secretary, in which some of these cultural pursuits, preceded by boxes in which applicants are invited to check their special interests, are listed—to wit: Cooking, Wines, Concerts, Ballet, Opera, Theatre, Museums, Lectures, Gardening, Recordings (sub-boxed into Classical and Popular), Do-It-Yourself Hobbies, Travel (broken down into Air, Boat, Other, European, Caribbean, United States, and another Other), Books (sub-boxes Fiction and Non-fiction), Sports ("name 1 or 2, if any"), and Painting, under which provision is made for Dabbler and Patron. A year's membership "is yours until June 15" (now past, alas) for fifteen dollars, and after that for twenty-five. "We are writing you," Mr. Willson has written me, "because we believe you meet the one and only requirement for membership in The Escoffiers—GOOD TASTE . . . an inherent sense of good taste and a sincere interest in developing

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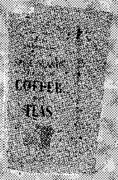

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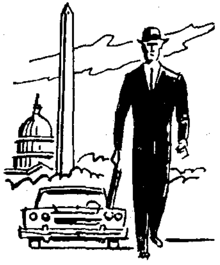

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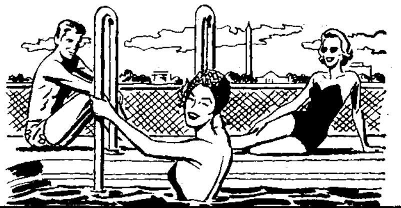

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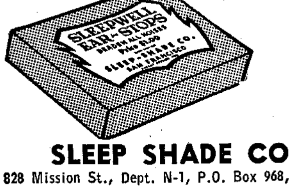

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and broadening your cultural life to get the most out of this fabulous age."

Eh bien, let us see what benefits accrue to the latter-day Escoffiers—who, incidentally, have been publicly characterized by M. Donon as no *amis* of his group. These perquisites are summarized in an expository box, five inches square and bounded by elegant pale-olive-green dots, in which Mr. Willson posits a seven-point program of cultural adventure:

1. You dine absolutely free once each month at a famous gourmet restaurant as the guest of the management. You pick the time and the date.
2. You (and your friends) throughout the year attend cocktail parties, teas, receptions, etc., to sample and learn about fine champagnes, rums, wines, coffees, teas, etc.—*Free.*
3. You (and your friends) are honored guests at cocktail parties aboard famous luxury liners between ocean voyages.
4. As a member of one of The Escoffiers' Advisory Panels you receive samples of fine foods, new products, etc., while giving your opinion of them in surveys, polls and studies.
5. You *and your immediate family* travel to New Orleans or San Francisco, Paris or Rome, etc. on The Escoffiers' gourmet jet-tours at very substantial savings.
6. You (and one guest) attend *true* previews of important new movies—*Free.*
7. You receive advance news and inside information on new foods, restaurants, records, books, music, shows, art, etc.

What a bargain, I thought as I paused to digest this; twelve absolutely free meals a year, etc., for only twenty-five dollars—what an attractive memorial to the father of modern restauration! Eager for adventure, anxious to learn how to go about it, I read on.

For example [the secretary writes in part, enlarging somewhat on his olive-green box], during each month of your membership you will be invited to dine as the guest of the management of one of New York's great restaurants. And *you* pick the day—*you* name the time! As a guest you will pay absolutely nothing for the food you choose, and you will have your choice of anything on the menu. Unfortunately, the alcoholic beverage laws prohibit the inclusion of such beverages, so you will have to pay for any cocktails, wines, etc.

To avail yourself of this "free dining" privilege [Ouch! What ominous quotation marks!] you must be accompanied by at least one guest. But who would ever dine alone on such a gala occasion? In actual practice when you have one guest, you pay only half the regular food check; when you have two guests, you pay only two-thirds the food check, etc. So, you actually dine absolutely free—a privilege reserved solely for The Escoffiers.

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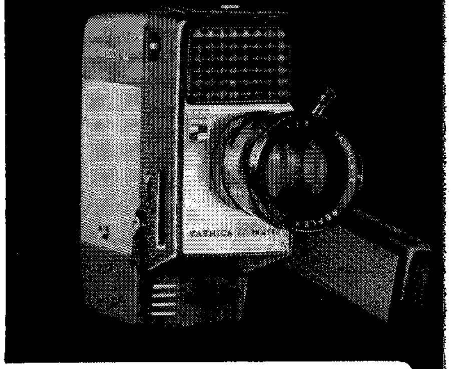

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>
> Another time it might be a similar function to sample and learn about table wines, dessert wines, Carribean [*sic*] rums, domestic and imported beers, etc. Similar invitations will be extended for non-alcoholic beverages. Perhaps a Coffee "Klatch" [*sic*] . . .
>
> One or more times a year you and one guest will be invited to previews of important new movies. Because your membership in The Escoffiers marks you as a "taste maker," you will be asked for detailed opinions of such and the producers will use such opinions in formulating their promotion of the films to the general public. . . .
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> Members also participate in surveys, polls and marketing studies by large and small manufacturers of new and unusual products. Samples of products are sent to members along with questionnaires soliciting comments and opinions.

I like the idea of becoming an *éminence grise* to Hollywood and the various-sized manufacturers of mysterious, unusual products, as well as turning into a V.I.P. *pique-assiette*, but if the booze at those cocktail parties and buffet suppers is *free*, why can't it be equally so, in all good legal conscience, at the monthly dinners, which I propose to call for Sunday mornings at three o'clock, just before I generally go fishing (my do-it-yourself hobby)? And as for saving two hundred and fifty dollars a year, wouldn't a selectee, in order to manage this, have to put away twelve repasts averaging twenty dollars and eighty-three cents apiece—a stiff tariff without liquor? Then, there's the matter of the compulsory guest. (Come to think of it, don't true gourmets *like* to dine alone, the better to savor the eats?) Twenty dollars and eighty-three cents for *him*, or her (my treat), and, with cocktails, a table wine, a dessert wine, and a spot

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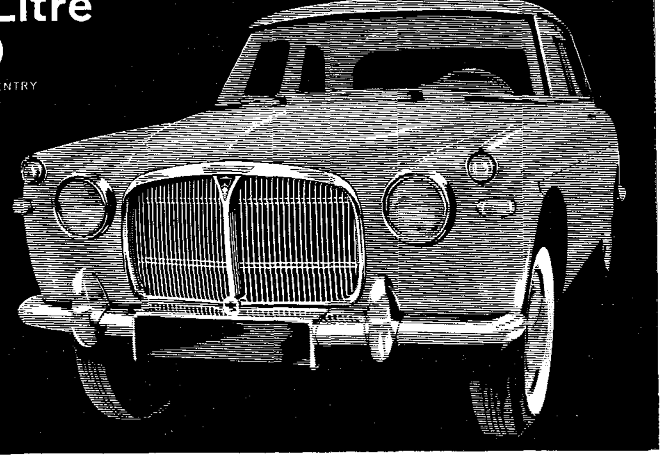

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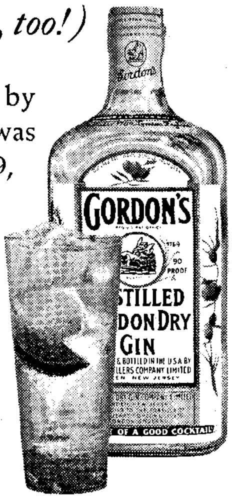

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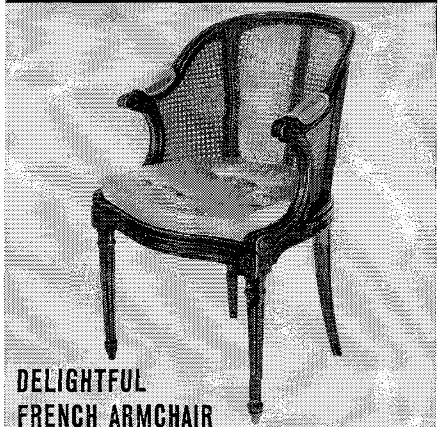

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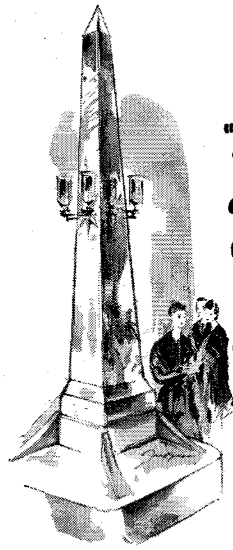
of Caribbean rum for us both, seventeen-fifty more, at a conservative estimate. (I've calculated the cocktails at four dollars, the table wine at five, the dessert wine—Château d'Yquem—at six, and the rum at two-fifty; an Advisory Panelist settling for No-Cal had better consult his Advisory Analyst.) All right, thirty-eight dollars and thirty-three cents (my tab), but how about tips for the waiter, the waiter captain, and the sommelier? A gala occasion does not call for corner-cutting, and these gratuities should be computed, in all fairness to the help, on the basis of the actual total bill: fifty-nine dollars and sixteen cents (thirty-eight thirty-three plus the forgiven twenty eighty-three). *Is* good taste the one and only requirement for Escoffiers membership? All in all, I figure on being out of pocket fifty-four dollars and twenty cents per adventure, and I don't mean peradventure. ($38.33 plus fifteen per cent of $59.16, or $8.87, for the waiter, comes to $47.20, and I think we had better slip the captain $5 and the sommelier $2.) That adds up to six hundred and fifty dollars and forty cents a year, and cuts pretty heavily into my budget for gourmet jet tours to Antoine's.

Furthermore, damned if I feel like taking my friends (1 or 2, if any) on twelve or more sixty-dollar sprees per annum in restaurants that Willson won't name. I know why he doesn't name them, though; he has suggested that they have been indiscriminate advertisers, and he wants to duck trouble. But let us raise this discussion to a higher level. Is the Escoffiers' program a true carrying on, in its epicurean aspects, of the lifework of *le maître*? Would the tasting of *dozens* of different champagnes have appealed to this *homme sérieux*, who wrote, in his "Guide Culinaire: Aide-Mémoire de Cuisine Pratique," "*Nous sommes aussi ennemis de la prodigalité ruineuse que de l'économie trop limitative, qui enraye l'essor du talent, provoque le découragement de l'ouvrier consciencieux, et le conduit directement à l'insuccès*"? Were Coffee "Klatches" his dish of tea? And, in seeking to broaden the scope of his interests, are his self-anointed Madison Avenue spiritual descendants well advised in pushing Sports in the name of a man of whom his biographer writes, "He was not a sportsman: neither hunting nor fishing attracted him, and his favorite relaxation was to spend Sunday afternoons with Ritz . . ."? For that matter, was the proponent of the Good Life a man of sufficiently multiple facets to warrant plural memorialization? A case for nomenclatural pluralization can



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EGG HEADS

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be made, and it *has* been made (as luck would have it), in a recent issue of *Encounter*, the British magazine, by Geoffrey Gorer, the British anthropologist, who calls attention to the semantic confusion attendant upon treating such diseases as cancer and schizophrenia as entities. These, he writes,

> . . . are false isolates. Little progress was made while [they] were looked on as entities with one "cause" and one potential "cure;" advances occurred when these false isolates were treated as clusters, when researchers acted (even if their vocabulary did not entirely reflect their practice) on the assumption that they were dealing with an indefinite number of cancerous or schizophrenic syndromes and studied one at a time "the cancers" or "the schizophrenias."

I do not mean to draw a red herring across the red carpet, but is not the precise opposite true of Escoffier? Was he not a genuine isolate? His only syndrome was the cookery syndrome: "*La bonne cuisine est la base du véritable bonheur*," he wrote in 1911 under an autographed photograph, possibly given to Lady de Bathe. Now that he is no longer here to defend himself, should he be dispersed as a cluster, even an incorporated one? Have the Escoffiers (Inc.) not fallen into the error Gorer points out in reverse? Does not their monument to their departed chief smack of semasiological injustice? To be sure, its victim was guilty of one fleeting deviation—"Horse-meat is delicious when one is in the right circumstances to appreciate it," he said after the Franco-Prussian War, in which he served as *chef de cuisine* at Army headquarters at Metz—but he was in his early twenties, the occasion was exceptional (there had been a siege), and I rather fancy that there was a twinkle in his eye. He would not have submitted Horse Meat as a Hobby to Henry Palmer Willson. Who is Willson, anyway, to invoke the sacred name of the Rothschildian feedbag, the caterer to Coquelin, the tempter of Proust? The Manhattan Telephone Directory knows him not; what are his ribbons, and where his medallions, or even his scallions? And what is one to think of an organization that lists its secretary but not its president? Who is the senior gourmet behind Willson? Let him stand up and be counted, either singly or in a cluster.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*Headline in the Marshalltown (Iowa) Times-Republican*]

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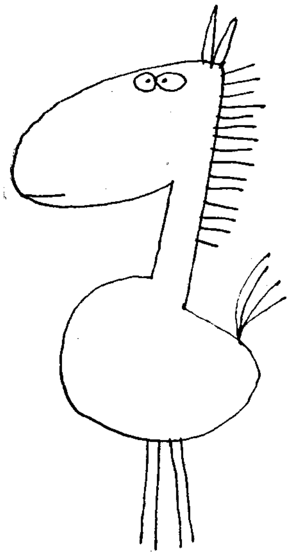
IN WATER, COUNCIL WARNS



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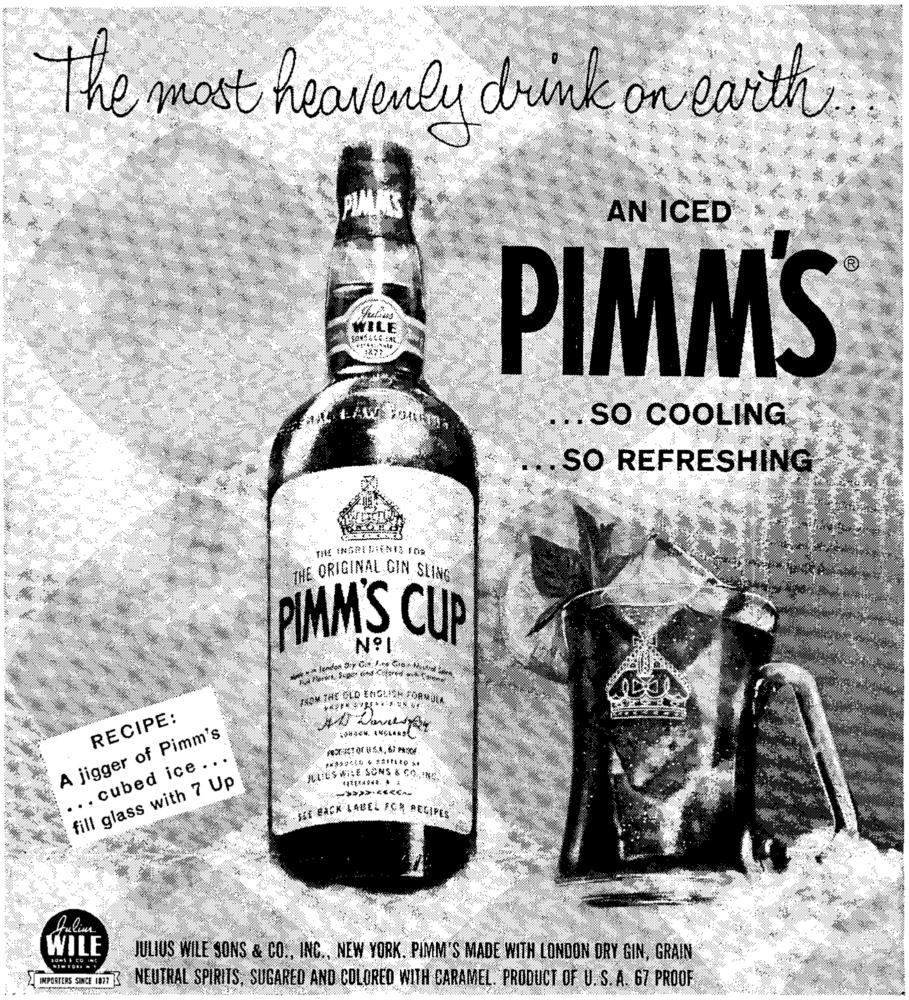

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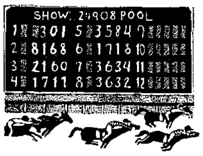
THE RACE TRACK

Leading Lady



JULY is hardly a time for summaries, but it's taking no risk to say that the running of the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont the other day dispelled any lingering doubts about Bowl of Flowers' being the best three-year-old filly out this season. It was a delightful race to watch and had a most satisfactory result (to me, anyhow), for Mrs. Dodge Sloane's filly won by more than five lengths from Funloving, with Mighty Fair another five lengths behind. Incidentally, Bowl of Flowers was the seventh successive favorite to win that afternoon; nobody remembers when that's happened before at Belmont. Even the weather was on its good behavior, being the sort that shows horses at their best, and Bowl of Flowers has never been more pleasing in appearance than she was in the paddock before the Oaks. Funloving, though, who is big, burly, and rather lacking in quality, wasn't very well turned out, and of the four other starters Counter Call caught my eye, because she's no bigger than a pony. As for the race, Funloving took the lead quickly and held it for nearly a mile of the mile and a quarter, while Bowl of Flowers, slow to begin, improved her position steadily. Given her head on the stretch turn, she swept past Funloving to an easy victory. It is to be regretted that after winning the Acorn Stakes earlier in the season Bowl of Flowers was beaten a short head in the Mother Goose, a fortnight before the Oaks. On that occasion, she gave Funloving four pounds, and besides, Arcaro's handling of her was something less than a masterpiece. Elliott Burch, who trains her (and does a good job of it), tells me that her next will be the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga. Fair enough.

THINGS are looking up among the two-year-olds. In fact, the colt division of the National Stallion Stakes at Belmont last week was a smasher. Six ran, and a fast but flighty fellow named I'm For More set a double-quick pace—the first quarter in 0:22$\frac{2}{5}$ and the half mile in 0:45$\frac{4}{5}$—closely followed by Green Ticket, the winner of his only two previous starts at the meeting. On the stretch turn, Sir Gaylord went around them and kept going, to win by better than two lengths. His time was

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1:04⅘ for the five and a half furlongs—only three-fifths of a second slower than the track record set by Bowl of Flowers in the fixture a year ago. Sir Gaylord, who is owned by C. T. Chenery, is a strapping dark-bay colt by Turn-to. He's as big as a three-year-old, and his looks and his way of galloping remind you of another Turn-to colt, First Landing, who was the two-year-old sensation of 1958, when he won ten of his eleven starts, and a disappointment in 1959. Sir Gaylord ran in Florida last winter but he didn't click till he came to Aqueduct. Recently, he won the Tyro Stakes at Monmouth by four lengths, running the five and a half furlongs in 1:04. (Monmouth is faster than Belmont.) His next appearance will be at Aqueduct, and he'll be odds-on.

Cain Hoy also trotted out a runner at Belmont. His name is Battle Joined, and in his first start, early in the meeting, he won by four lengths. In his second, the weekend before last, he really went to town, winning by ten in 1:04⅕ for the five and a half furlongs. A Saturday racegoer remarked to Max Hirsch, the King Ranch's trainer, that it was a pretty good race. "Pretty good, huh?" said Hirsch. "Look at that time on the board!"

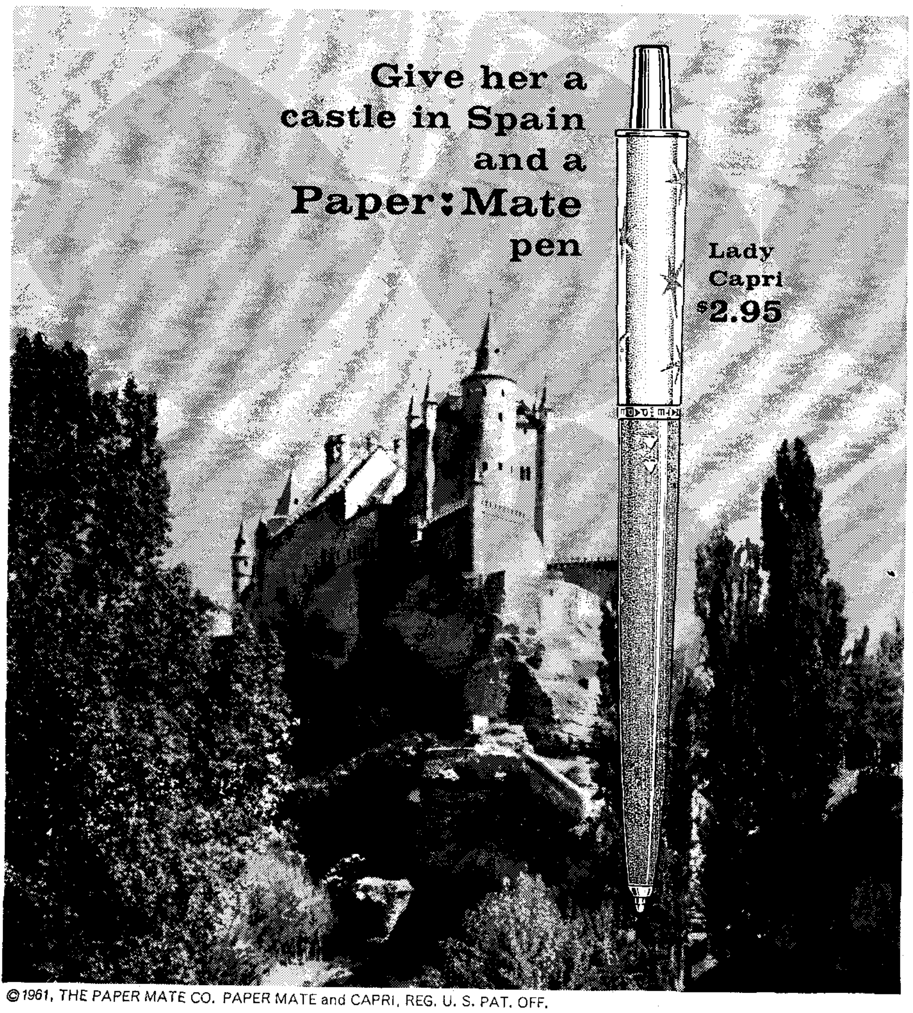
PEOPLE have been asking me lately what has become of Carry Back. Well, one of my outriders reports that he has been at Monmouth Park for nearly a month, and that he has recovered so well from the leg trouble he had that he's in training—doing slow gallops at a mile. Another item of interest from the Jersey track is the return to the races of Calumet's Beau Prince, who had been idle for months. After one good gallop, he won the Lamplighter Handicap from Polarity (a 92–1 shot), Merry Ruler, and seven others, and is now looming up among the three-year-olds. Also, I'm told that Sherluck's stable is going to send him to the Coast for the Hollywood Derby on Saturday. I suppose the horse he'll have to beat is Four-and-Twenty, who has been going great guns since he returned to his old stamping ground. Longden, who rides both Four-and-Twenty and his stablemate Flutterby, prefers Four-and-Twenty.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

But on the other hand, this too became one of the reasons why the Indonesian people have been chained and have suffered under the joke of colonialism for more than 3½ centuries.—*Indonesia, a publication of the Indonesian Council for Tourism.*

No vivid writing, please.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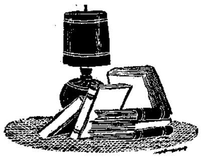
BOOKS

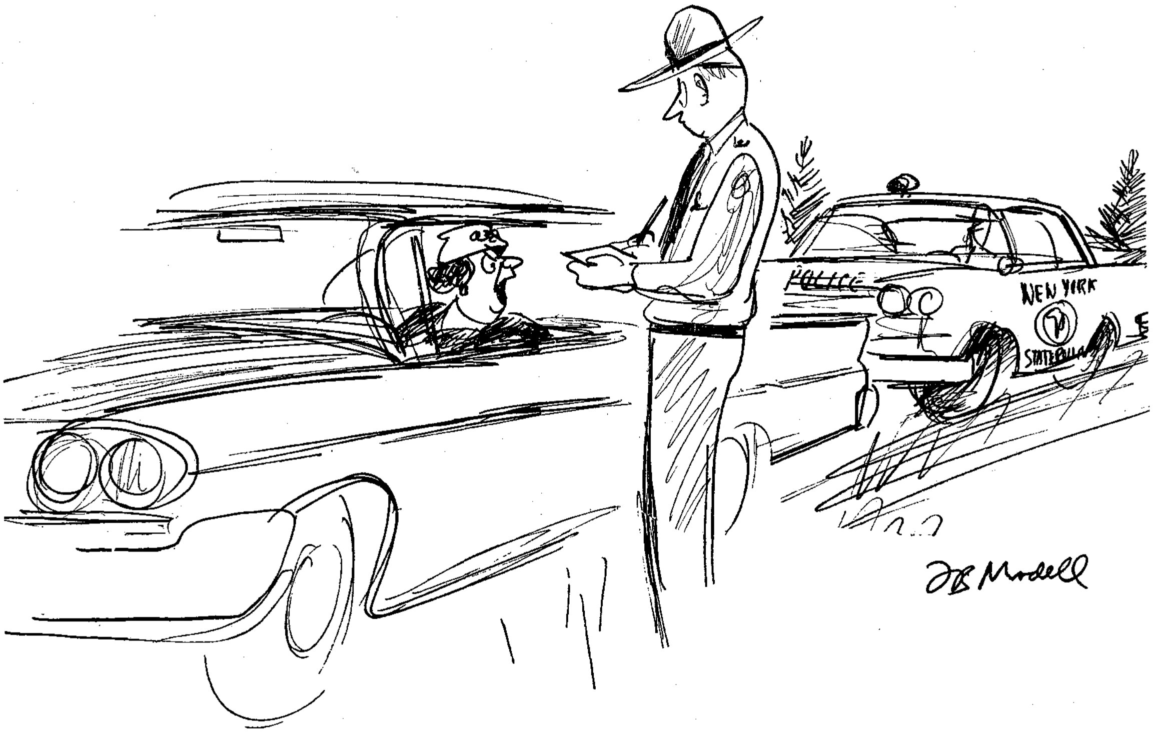
The Demon, the Tenderfoot, and the Monolith



NOVELS about poets, painters, novelists, musicians, playwrights, sculptors, and the like invariably put me in mind of simultaneously patting the head and rubbing the stomach. For they demand antithetical talents of their authors. The first, a purely novelistic one, calls for placing the artist's personality in perspective with his work. Artists tend to be extremists who are either terribly luxuriant (the eccentric, or overgrown, artist, who is often a work of art himself) or practically invisible (the mousy artist, self-effacing as air, who exists only as a vestigial appendage of his own work). The first must be pruned, the second tinted and toned up. At the same time, the authors of these novels must be the exact opposites of themselves—full-fledged critics who make us *see* or *hear* their hero's product. (The handy inclusion of photographs of the hero's statuary, reproductions of his paintings, or L.P. recordings of his symphonies would eliminate this task.) Thus, a novelist dealing with a novelist cannot tell us that his hero writes "great" books and let it go at that; he must *quote* from the books. (The trap is obvious, and if the author falls into it, he has no business writing about great writers.) Novels about painters and musicians are far trickier, because painting and music notoriously resist translation into words. This explains the hot, waxy impressionism of most painter and musician novels; the paintings refuse to come into focus and the music recalls the "Warsaw Concerto." These profundities about what could be called critical novels have been provoked by the recent publication of no less than three novels about artists. They are, in order of excellence, "The Sound" (Dutton), a first novel by Ross Russell; "The Forger" (Atheneum), by Jay Williams, an assiduous historical novelist; and "Clem Anderson" (Simon & Schuster), by R. V. Cassill, a teacher and journeyman fictionist. The first book deals with a jazz musician (the artist as a young demon), the second with a painter (the artist as a self-pitying tenderfoot), and the third with a novelist (the artist as a self-destroying monolith).

Most novels about jazz present a sentimental, crepuscular world crowded with untouted geniuses. Russell, who has been closely associated with his subject for a couple of decades as an impresario and as a coolheaded professional critic, knows better. Indeed, he makes it plain that the world of jazz is populated largely by clean-living middle-class Negroes, only a few of whom are artists. Russell's hero, a revolutionary bebop trumpeter named Red Travers, is an atypical jazz musician. He is, in fact, an atypical human being, whose profession is all but incidental. Still in his twenties, Travers is a long-time junkie who has been responsible for turning on (introducing to drugs) dozens of musicians and friends. He is badly oversexed. He despises the white world yet he chases white women. (Russell miraculously makes the white reader see himself with the black man's eyes.) He is a glutton. He is dirty and dresses badly. He is crafty, domineering, dishonest, selfish, childish, rude, and paranoid. Russell never makes it very clear how Travers got this way, but perhaps it doesn't matter. Travers' Cyclopean evil is more mythical than human. Travers is also—when he is functioning—a great musician, whose playing, to judge by Russell's unhurried, nearly scholarly descriptions, resembles Charlie Parker's with a dash of Dizzy Gillespie. An accomplished *critical* novel, "The Sound" is an even better *novel*. Russell's prose, plain as a dishrag, never gets between his material and the reader. Several scenes and characters are indelible: Travers' collapse in a night club because of an overdose of bad heroin; his filthy, cold walkup apartment in Harlem; his theft of a trumpet from a retired old-line jazz musician; a for-once wholly credible white band leader, who is a neat cross between Woody Herman and Stan Kenton; a cool, languorous white camp follower; and Fat Girl, a monstrous homosexual drug peddler:

> Fat Girl padded soundlessly toward them. "Like Jack the Bear, man—I'm everywhere!" Fat Girl greeted them in his gurgling baritone. . . . "Yes, yes, yes. Even the Great Lover has to cool for Nicktide. Kiddoes, before I forget, we're gonna throw a real Nicktide party at my pad. I mean all the studs in fancy duds and foxy chicks togged to the bricks is gonna be there. And a tree all the way from Maine with free caps hangin' from the twigs, dig. We gonna lock all the doors and blast ourselves out of our righteous skulls." Fat Girl closed the door, unbelted his silk rain-



"Who says I can't argue with electronics?"

coat, and dusted melting flakes from the crown of his porkpie hat. "I mean, like the man says, the stuff is here, and it's mellow."

Red rapped his knuckles on the dressing table. He turned to Bernie and said, "It's your move, man."

"If you kittens are in the mood to play, the man is here to blow your troubles away," Fat Girl said tactfully. His artful smile flickered. The old idol eyes sized Bernie up.

"*Please* straighten the man out," Red said softly.

"Okay," Bernie said. Bernie pulled the wallet from his inside pocket. They had been paid the night before and it was comfortably thick. He worked several bills out of the wallet. Fat Girl's glance moved from the bills to Bernie.

"Poppa, just lay that long cool green in my outstretched palm. Fifty cents gets it." Fat Girl's dimpled hand closed over the bills like they were going out of circulation for the last time. "Fine, fine, fine! Like fine red wine!" Fat Girl's hand hung over Bernie like a benediction. He lavished on Bernie the smile he reserved for his newest client. "Cool, cool! I'm going out front to catch the set. You gonna blow like fools!" The words bubbled ecstatically out of his soft smooth woman's throat. "Man, it's *gonna be terrible!*"

An evil jinni, Travers eventually overpowers even Russell, who, desperately trying to get his villain back into his lamp, ends his book with a clap of melodrama. Against the purity of his music, Travers' slow, excruciating decay has its own logic, and if Russell had allowed it to reach its conclusion, Travers would have come stunningly close to being a genuine tragic figure—a kind of Philoctetes who never made Troy.

Rufus Griffin, the thirty-year-old hero of "The Forger," is a painter who lives in New York and pays his way by doing dust jackets and magazine work. His paintings, which have won awards, run to posterish nudes and mild abstractions. Griffin oozes self-pity. He can't afford the time to paint, his girl won't marry him, and he is continually envious. His girl, done in by her own neuroses and his nagging, commits suicide. His best friend, another painter, is killed in an automobile accident. And, gutted by a slow-burning conscience, Griffin reveals that *he* is the painter of a Renaissance Italian work that is about to be sold for six figures. After penitently giving his mean little soul a good vacuuming, Griffin finds a new girl, starts painting again, and is told by New York's leading art critic that his new work is "first-rate." For all this, Williams' book is a frequently funny tour through the New York world of art. Never mind the cigarettes that are interminably lit and stubbed out, the drinks that are interminably poured and tossed off, and the descrip-

"Oh Switzerland! The further it recedes into the enriching haze of time, the more intolerably delicious the charm of it and the sheer joy of it and the glory and the majesty and solemnity and pathos of it grow.... There are mountains and mountains and mountains in this world, but only these take you by the heartstrings. I wonder what the secret of it is. Well, time and again it has seemed to me that I must drop everything and flee to Switzerland once more. It is a longing—a deep, strong, tugging longing—that is the word. We must go there again....."

Mark Twain

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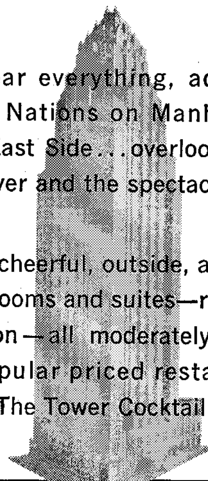

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tions of Griffin's paintings, which give the reader the impression that he is looking at them through a dirty window. And never mind Williams' worship of New York, which, having felled far mightier writers, leads him into utterances like this: "Purple-gray clouds with blazing hems streamed over the city like a parade, and beneath them the bonfire of the sky turned the tower of the Empire State Building into a barbaric golden phallus carried on the shoulders of the crowd."

CASSILL succeeds remarkably well as a critical novelist; indeed, his hero, a novelist named Clem Anderson, is a better writer than he is. Cassill's book is a sway-backed six-hundred-and-twenty-seven-page attempt to write the great American novel about the great American novelist. Anderson, a small-town Midwestern boy, becomes a voracious lover, an alcoholic, a psychotic, a flatulent talker, a big borrower, and an occasional writer who emits a couple of volumes of verse, a novel, and a play. He dies at forty, a composite of every unfulfilled genius from Hart Crane to James Agee. Cassill quotes a lengthy unpublished section of Anderson's novel. An account of his teen-age days, it is, in a tidy, James T. Farrell manner, by far the best part of "Clem Anderson." (The same cannot be said of Anderson's poems and war letters, which are morbid and turbid.) There is only one solution to this complex dilemma. Read Anderson's novel.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CROSSING POINT, by Gerda Charles (Knopf). Miss Charles' grave and beautiful style gives enormous charm to her story of Jewish men and women living in a London suburb in accordance with the rules of their religion and, for that reason, considering themselves set apart from the majority of the people around them. At the center of the story, which is tragic, is Rabbi Leo Norberg, a middle-aged man who longs to marry but, through fear or snobbism, persuades himself that the woman he loves passionately is not quite good-looking enough—which is to say showy enough—to impress those whose good opinion he has and craves to keep. At the outer rim of the story, standing alone, is Sara Gabriel, who seems condemned to old-maidhood through her own fault (she is too in-

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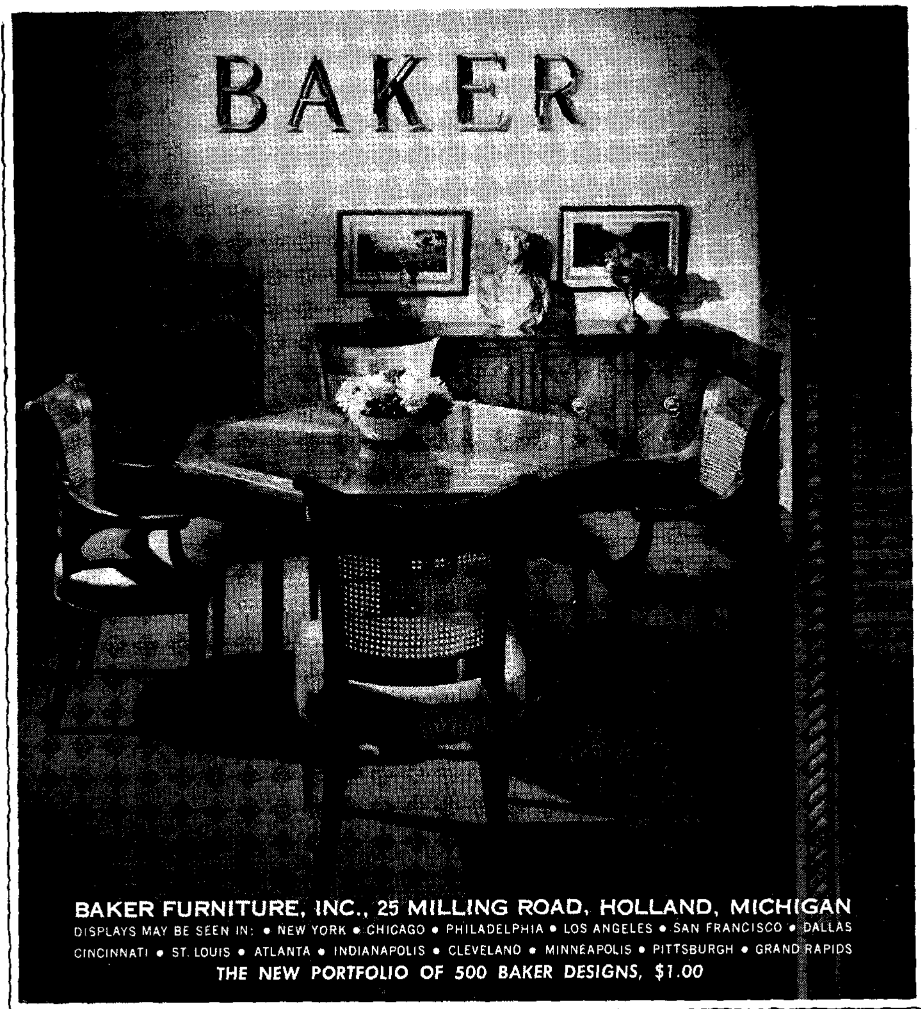
dependent) and through bad luck (of four daughters, she is the only one free to play companion to her father, a fanatically religious and singularly ill-tempered old man). Miss Charles holds her readers' attention from the first line.

A SHOOTING STAR, by Wallace Stegner (Viking). The excruciatingly detailed history of the emotional sufferings of Mrs. Burke Castro, a wealthy California society wife, thirty-five years old and childless, who breaks her lifelong habit of chastity when she plunges into a love affair with a buyer for a San Francisco department store. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

THE MULTIMILLIONAIRES, by Goronwy Rees (Macmillan). Six portraits of the very rich—Jean Paul Getty (oil), Sir Simon Marks (chain stores), Aristotle Onassis (shipping), Alfried Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach (heavy industry), Charles Clore (shoes), and Marcel Boussac (textiles)—from which the author, an English journalist and teacher, concludes that Fitzgerald, rather than Hemingway, was right. It is not just money that sets the titans of the counting house apart from the rest of us. "The multimillionaire," he suggests, "spends a far smaller proportion of his time or his money on such pursuits [pleasure and good living] than a poor man. . . . [He] gives the impression of a man who is engaged on some long, infinitely complicated calculation that can never be completed; the multiplicity of factors involved is so great that a moment's failure of attention must lead inevitably to error." He has "the miser's capacity for counting the smallest coin," and the miser's compulsion, too. It might be added that Mr. Rees's conclusions (which include the significant observation that none of his subjects are in the rags-to-riches tradition, all having begun life in at least comfortable circumstances) are the essence of his book. With the exception of Mr. Getty, the men themselves are the dullest dogs imaginable.

THESE RUINS ARE INHABITED, by Muriel Beadle (Doubleday). A book about an American family's year abroad. The author is the wife of Dr. George Beadle, the geneticist and Nobel Prize winner, who spent most of 1958 teaching at Oxford. Many of Mrs. Beadle's comments



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FREEDOM

Horace Walpole, the Eighteenth-Century English Member of Parliament and squire of Strawberry Hill, once observed: "The Americans are mostly engaged in trade and plantation. Their chief object is to make money. And, in truth, money is freedom."

Rampant materialism? Perhaps. But it might be said that Walpole was only echoing Ecclesiastes: "Money answereth all things." For certainly money goes a long way toward enabling people to be, do, and have what they like. As a modern wag put it, money makes it possible for you to choose your favorite misery.

But even though money is freedom, it isn't security. There is a risk in owning money — the risk that inflation will eat away its purchasing power, as it has in the past. If you want to take steps to preserve the purchasing power of any spare money you have, then you should consider investing in good common stocks that offer potentialities of growth.

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are familiar tourist talk, but along with complaints about the weather she has tucked in a thoughtful first-hand examination of English secondary education. She transplanted an adolescent son from a Southern Californian to an English school for the year, and she visited various kinds of schools, interviewed teachers, and talked to parents. She reports on English curricula, homework, and classroom discipline, and discusses England's system of segregating academically gifted children, stuffing them with knowledge, and teaching the bright sons of plumbers to talk like the sons of peers—a program that rather stultifies conversation in some plumbers' homes. Since practically everybody, it seems, wants to reform American education nowadays, Mrs. Beadle's sensible comparisons and fair-minded assessments of pros and cons are refreshing and timely.

NEW YORK: A SERENDIPITER'S JOURNEY, by Gay Talese (Harper). A portrait of the city—mostly Manhattan—by a young *Times* reporter with the young reporter's natural passion for the odd fact (New Yorkers use twenty-one miles of dental floss every day), the odd occupation (a hay-and-feed dealer on East Forty-second Street), the odd sight (a piano mover playing a piano on a sidewalk in the Sixties), and the professional oddity (a drink-cadging "king of the intellectual hobos" who frequents Sammy's Bowery Follies). But while Mr. Talese's curiosity is generally conventional, he has a sense of pace, a crispness, and a precision that are anything but common. Illustrated with first-rate photographs by Marvin Lichtner.

•

They were an immediate success and enthusiastic reviewers showered them with plaudits, referring to the newcomers variously as "Nicholas and Mays," "Mike Niklos and Ellen Mays" and "May Michols and Eli." After three years of working steadily they have finally straightened out their billing and are now known simply as Mike Nichol and Elaine May.—*Playbill.*

Good.

•

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[*From an article in Writer's Digest*]

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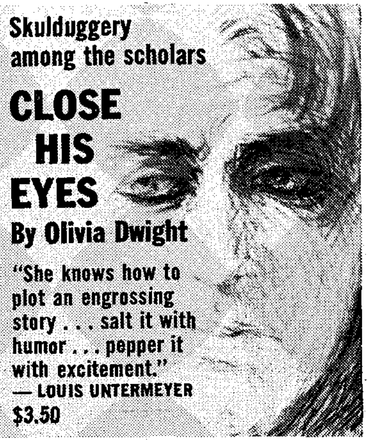
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